BIBLE SCHOOL

ECHOES,

AND

SACRED HYMNS.

BY

DAVID F. EBY.

Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—Col. iii. 16.

PUBLISHED BY
BRETHREN AT WORK PUBLISHING CO.,
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1880.

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PREFACE.

The preparation of this work was begun several years ago, with the hope that it might go forth as a means by which the Lord might be praised and believers edified in the work of salvation.

The selection of tunes, in our judgment, embraces the best church music extant. Care was taken to retain a number of old, familiar tunes, such as never wear out, but remain as standards.

For schools where the young are being taught the Scriptures, the work is admirably adapted. The choicest tunes for the little ones have been selected, and a fair trial we trust will convince all that both the tunes and words are devoid of the light and chimerical.

And now, if only a few shall be comforted or one sinner made to feel the need of a Saviour by the singing of these selections, the author will be blessed above his deservings and not unto him, but unto Jesus, by whom we sing, shall be all the praise.

THE AUTHOR.

Lanark, Ill., June, 1880.

H. Huck, Music Printer and Publisher, 8 Arcade Court, Chicago, Ill.

BIBLE SCHOOL ECHOES.

Mrs. Emma Pitt, Baltimore, Md. P. W. Hill, Chicago, Ill.

1. What is this mu-sic? this soul-stir-ring mu-sic, And from whence the sweet
2. Voic-es of Je-sus! that dear lov-ing Saviour, Send these whispers far
3. God speed with blessing, this foot-print of an-gels, Gild its path-way with

strains that I hear? The voice of Je-sus so tend-er-ly plead-ing,
ov-er the sea, Greet them with welcome, the glad tid-ings speeding,
glo-ry and power, Gems of sweet song, now go forth on your mission,

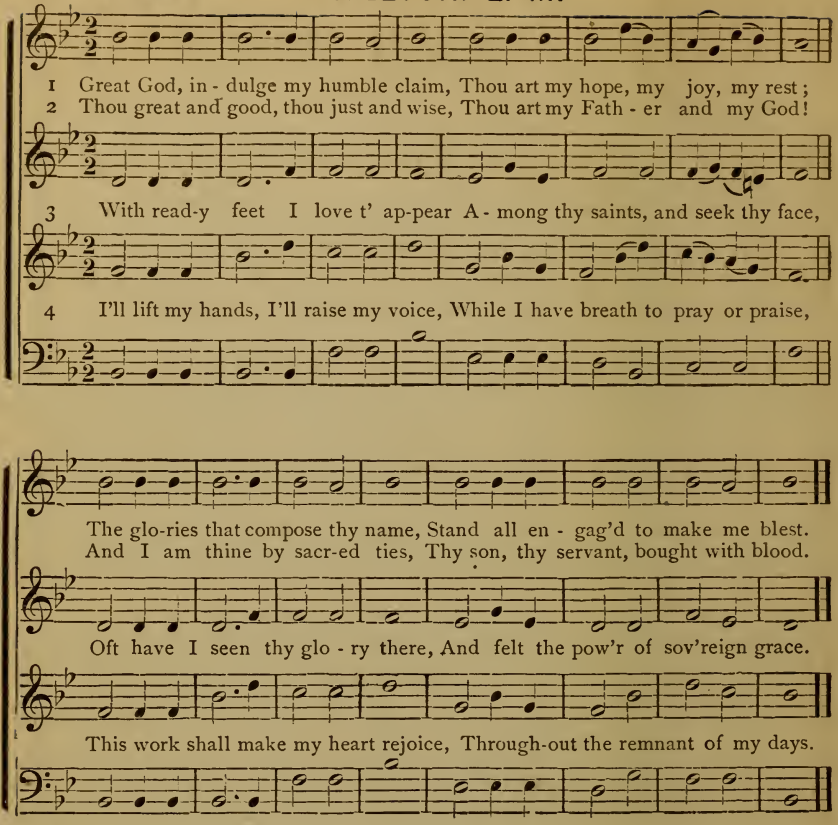
Chorus.

'Tis the gos-pel that casts out all fear. Oh, the sweet ech-oes! the
For all peo-ple re-demp-tion is free.
Tell of Je-sus each day and each hour. Oh, the sweet ech-oes! the

"Bi-ble School Echoes," Now we hail them with joy and with glee; List to their
"Bi-ble School Echoes," Now we hail them with joy and with glee; List to their

mu-sic—the pure gos-pel mu-sic— As it peals forth, so gladsome and free.
mu-sic—the pure gos-pel mu-sic— As it peals forth, so gladsome and free.

40 Moderato. WELTON. L. M.



57 L. M.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?

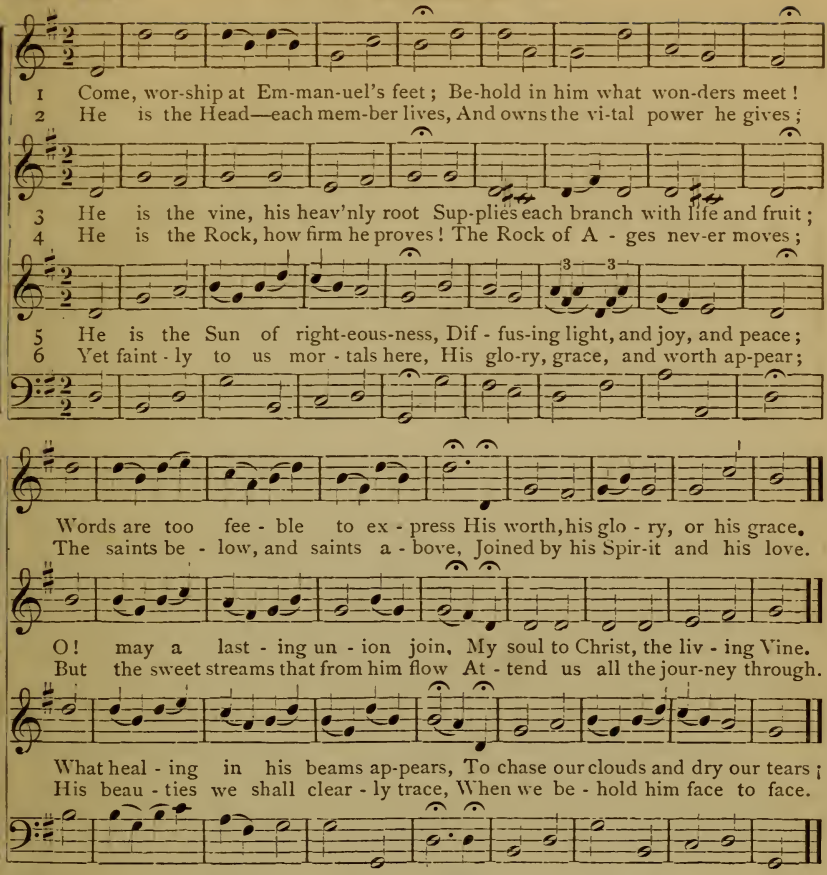
3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels—
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'rs repair;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest.
And often gives the suff'rer rest;
But will his justice more display.
In the last great rewarding day.

52 Slow. • PORTUGAL L. M.



101 L. M.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

288 L. M.

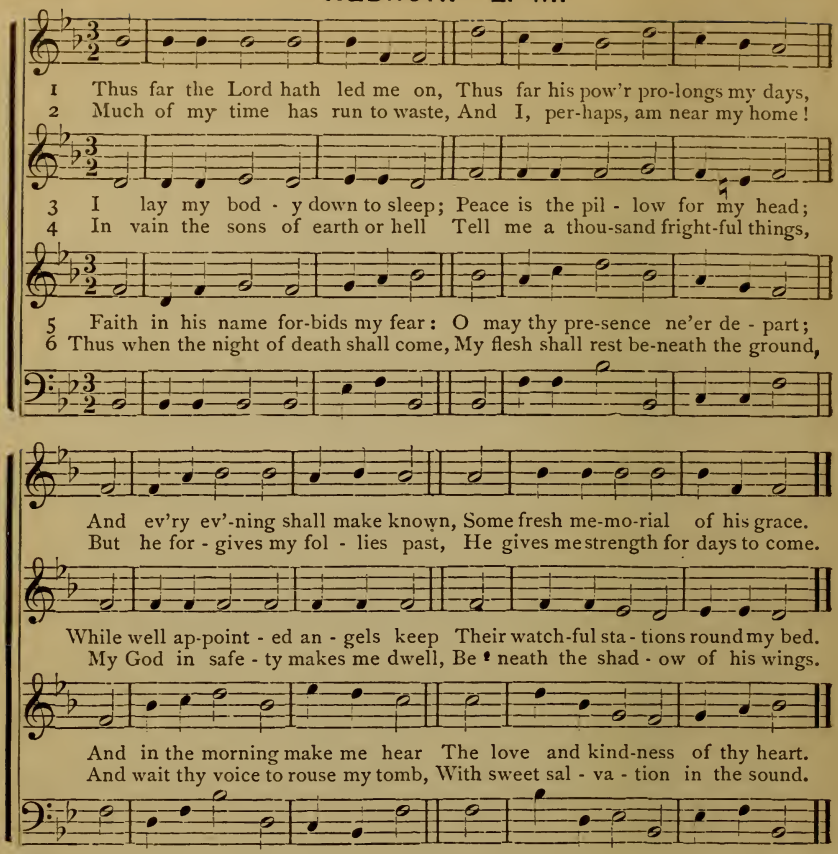
1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in higher strain
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
Oh Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

710 HEBRON. L. M.



471 L. M.

1 Take up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon the cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

42 L. M.

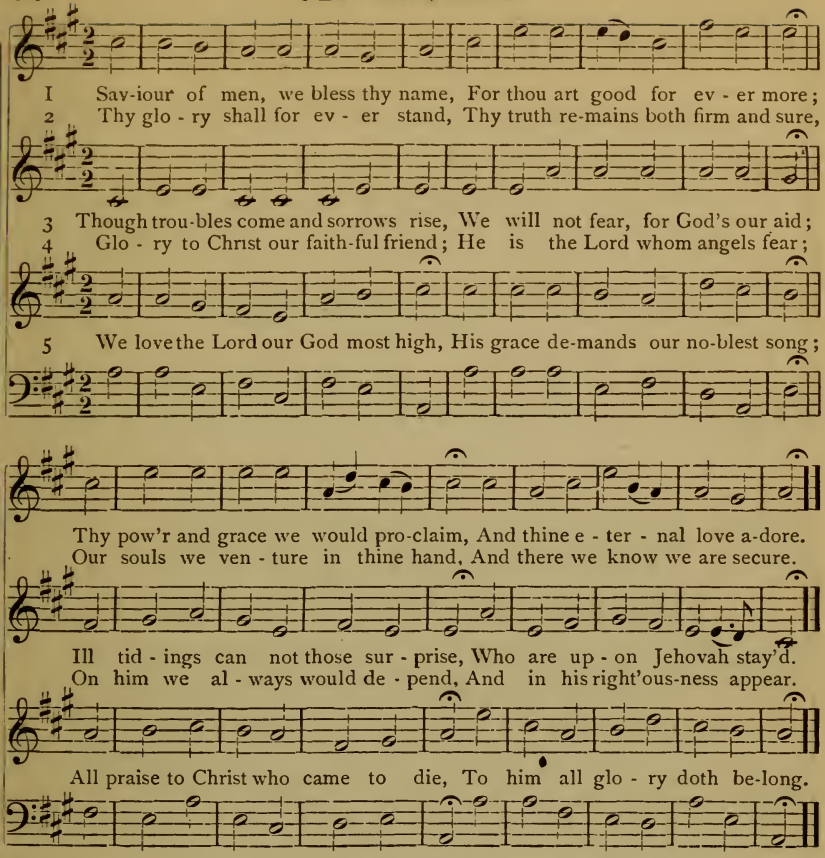
1 Dear Lord, how wondrous is thy love
To such unworthy worms as we!
Thou hast sent down the heav'nly dove,
To set our souls at liberty.

2 We that were doom'd to wo and pain,
Expos'd to death of ev'ry kind,
Thro' Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain,
Do life and peace and pardon find.

3 Shall we forget our Saviour's grace,
Who died to save our guilty souls,
And bring us to his Father's face,
Where endless peace and pleasure rolls.

4 Lord Jesus! make us bear in mind
Thy rich, thy pure redeeming love,
Till we shall be forever join'd
With those that sing thy praise above.

76 OLD HUNDRED.



607 L. M.

1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory to my Jesus be.

87 L. M.

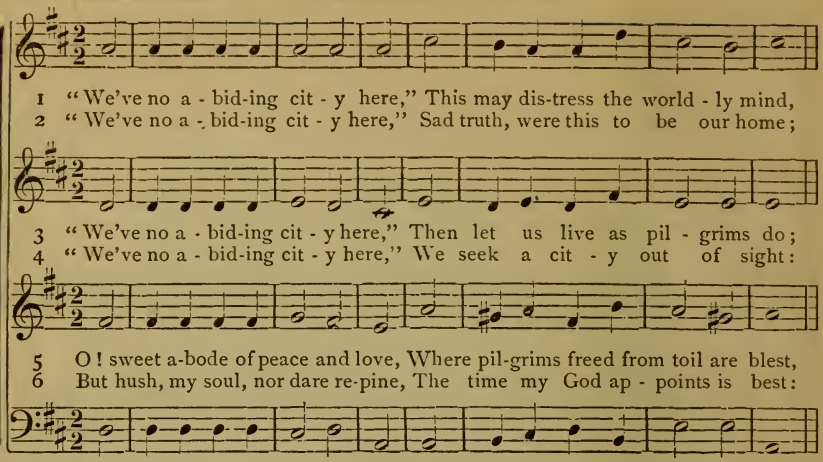
1 Blest hour when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heav'n his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

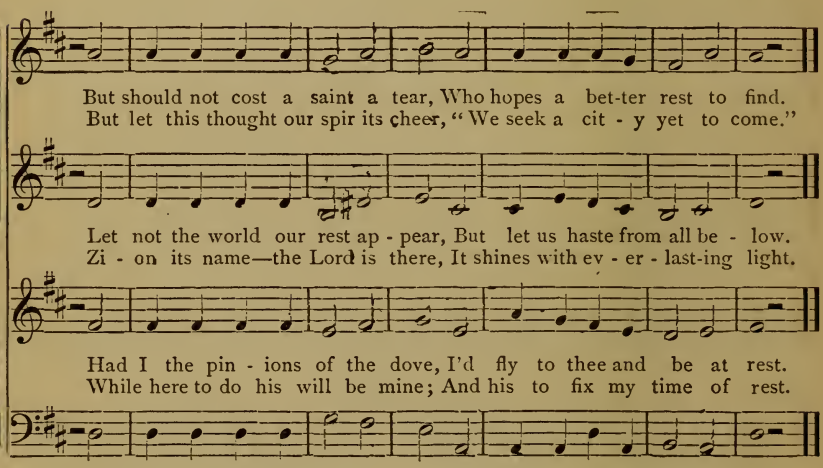
2 Blest hour when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaim the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleas'd his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are giv'n,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

574 Rather slow. ASHWELL. L. M.





339 L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."

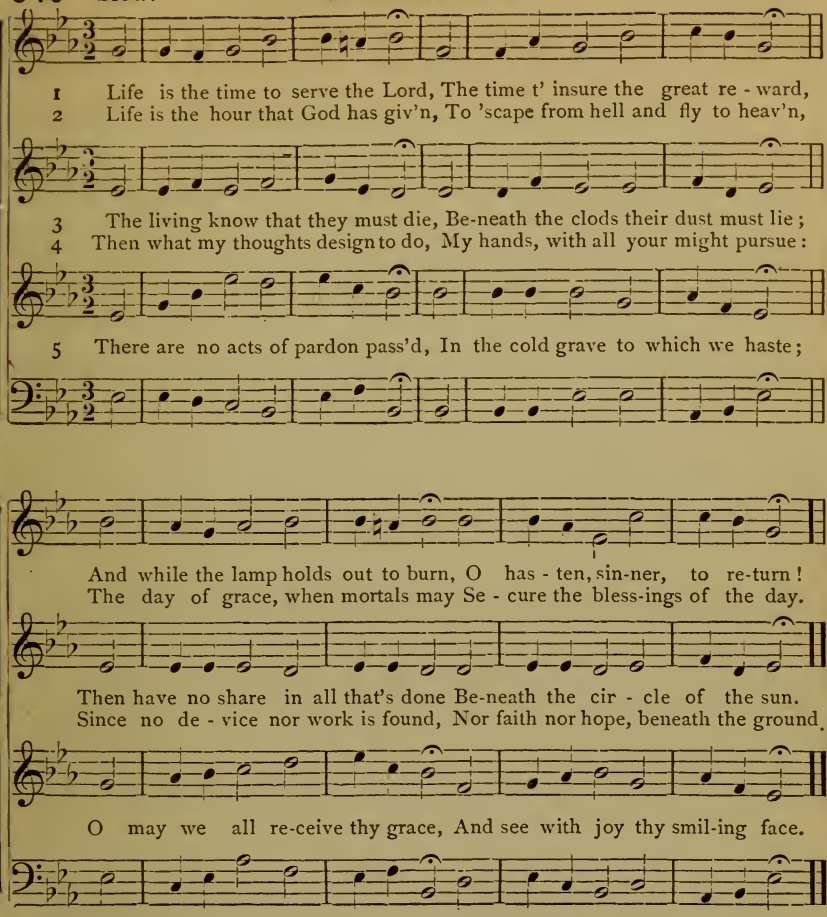
2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me.'

4 Come for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

5 O, voice of mercy; voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

346 Slow. WELLS. L. M.



130 L. M.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

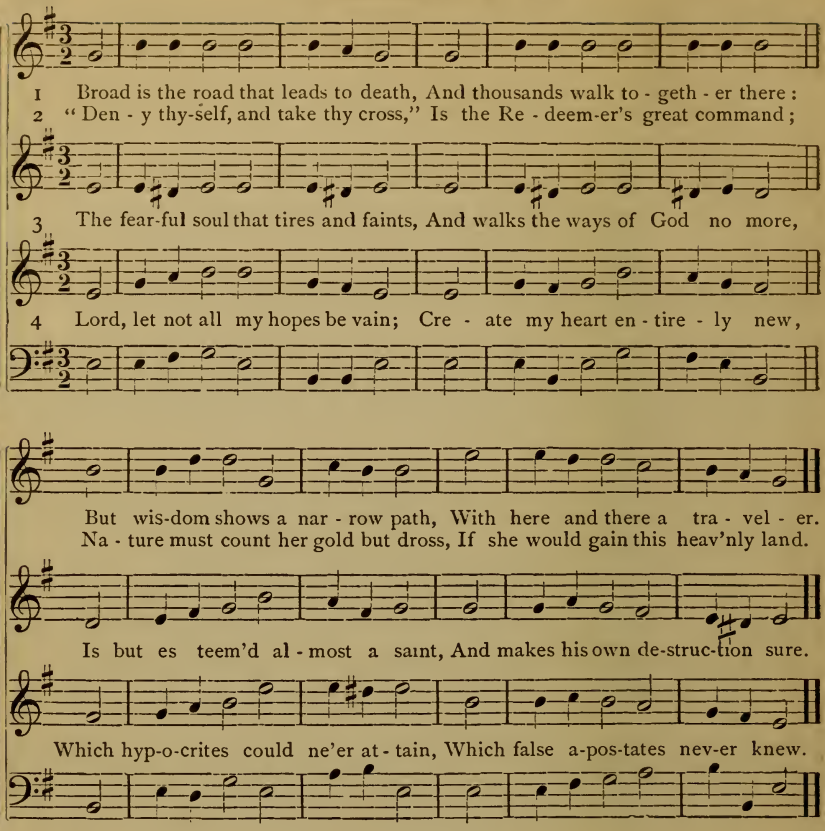
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine.
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

328 WINDHAM. L. M.



628 L. M.

1 O Time ! how few thy value weigh !
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place ?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind ?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time,
Then let us ev'ry day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed.

707 L. M.

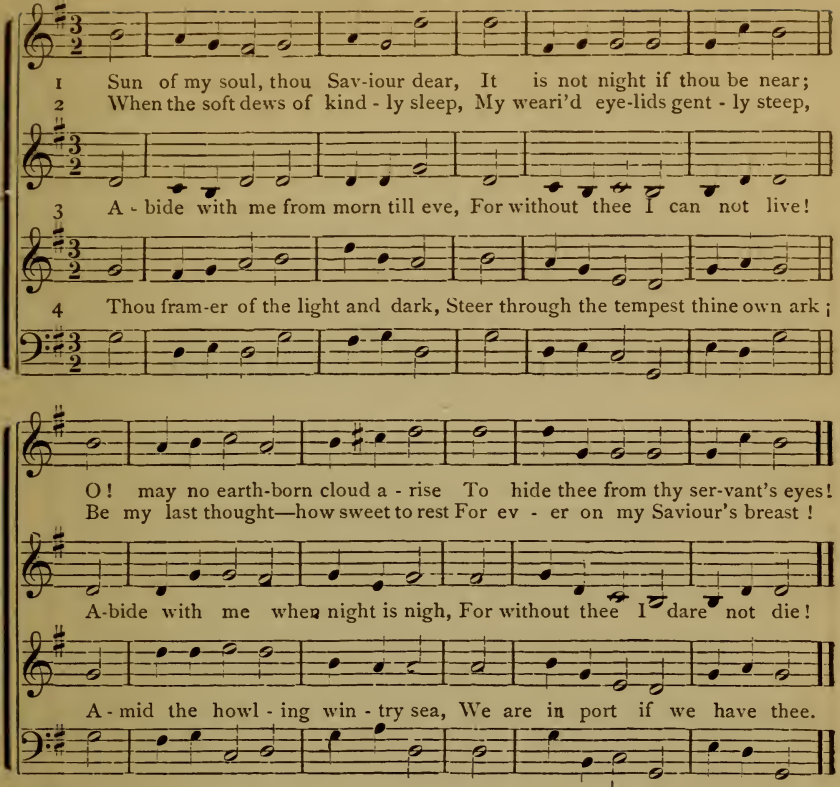
1 Now one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides ;
If I have walk'd by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here,

5 I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep ;
I've one day less to see within
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

3 And O reflect my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

4 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he will never hide his face.

712 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



198 L. M.

1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 A conflict with the pow'rs of hell,
Your Saviour did for you sustain:
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, heart of flint! the Lamb is slain.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home.
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

249 L. M.

1 Lord, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy right'ousness.

3 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,
A temple built for God below,
Where thy blest saints may see thy face;
And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow.

283 L. M.

1 Indulgent God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hear's in one:
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.

3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls,
Fight the good fight, and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

345 *With earnest expression* BEHOLD A STRANGER. L. M.

1 Be - hold a Stran-ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks—has knock'd before;
2 O! love -ly at-ti-tude—he stands With melting heart and load - ed hands;

3 But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y Friend you need;
4 Rise touched with grat-itude divine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,

5 Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn, His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re - turn;

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O! matchless kindness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes!

The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is he, With garments dyed on Calvary.
That soul des-troy - ing mon-ster, sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.

Ad - mit him—or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re-ject-ed stand.

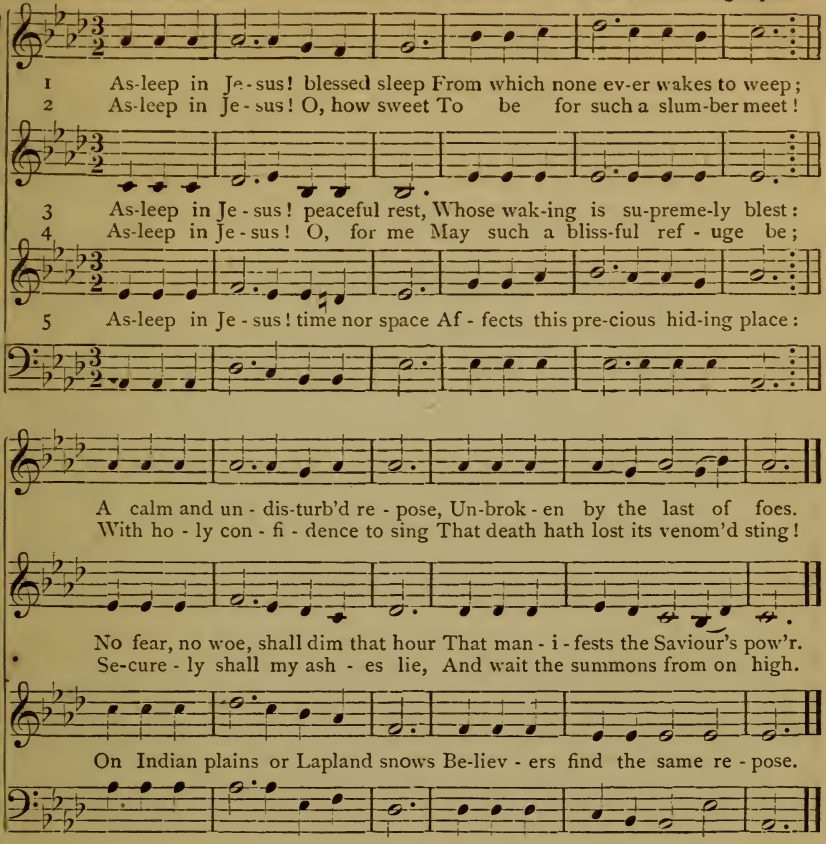
CHORUS

O let him in, yes let him in And he will save you from your sin.

O let him in, yes let him in And he will save you from your sin.

O let him in, yes let him in And he will save you from your sin.

598 *With tenderness.* SELENA. L. M. Or L. M. 6 lines using repeat.



593 L. M.

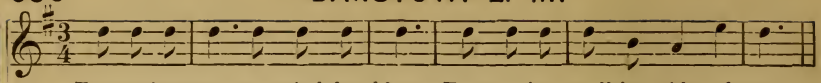
1 In this lone hour of deep distress,
When heavy sorrows round me press,
Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
I trust thee as the widow's God.

2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
The grave is now his resting-place;
O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
Reveal thyself the widow's God.

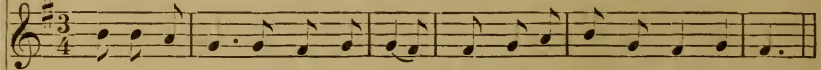
3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
Suppress my murm'ring, dry my tears
Help me to own thee as my Lord,
And bless thee as the widow's God.

4 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
Protect by night, and guide by day;
Then, as I travel life's rough road,
I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

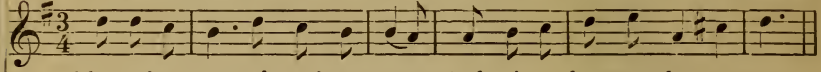
530 BARSTOW. L. M.



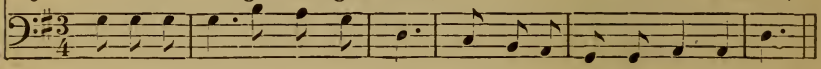
1 From ev'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2 There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;

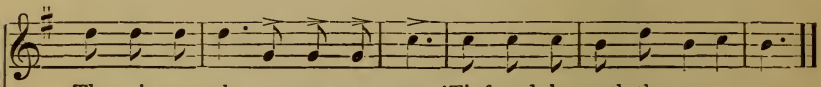


3 There is a scene, where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
4 Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempt'd, des - o - late, dis-may'd?

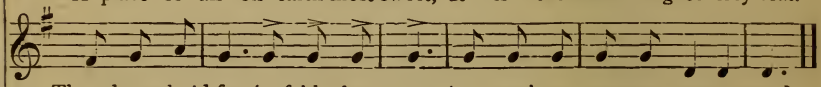


5 There, there on eag-les' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;

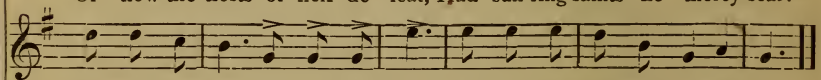




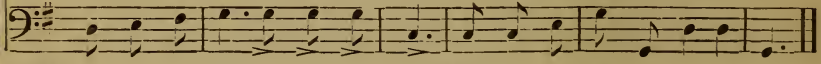
There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.



Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet, A - round one com-mon mercy-seat?
Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?



And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo-ry crowns the mercy-seat.



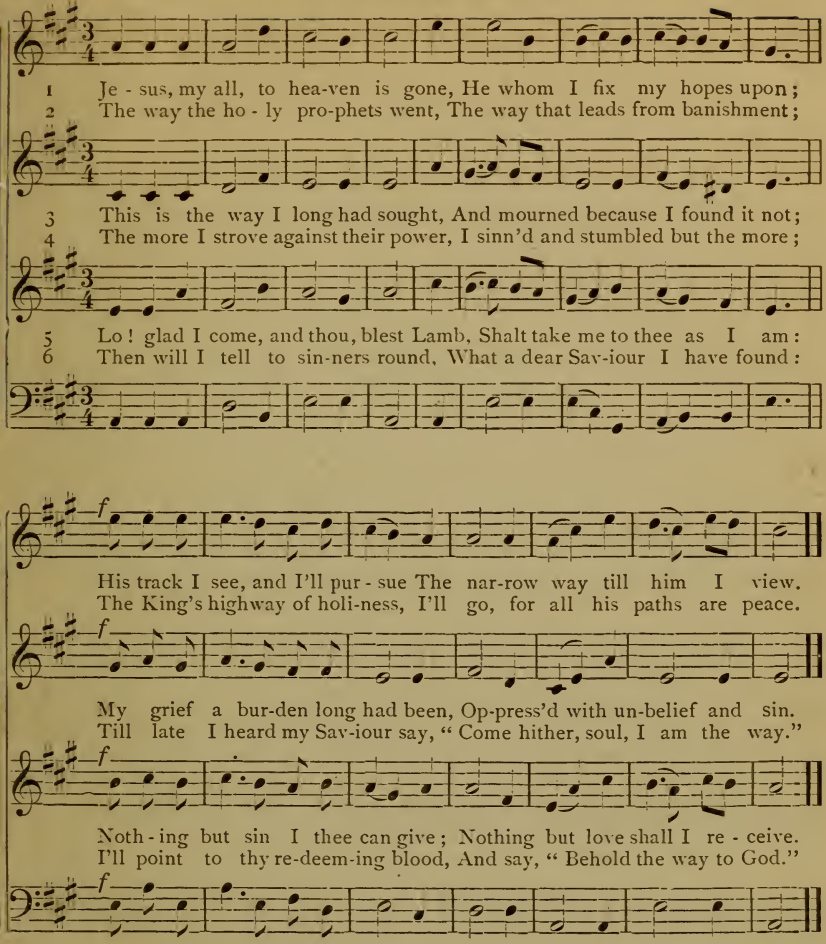
299 L. M.

1 The Church of God believes it right,
To think and do as Jesus bade,
When on that dark and doleful night
He gave his law, and plainly said:—
2 Mark the example which I give:
Keep it, and show your mutual love;
My precepts do, and you shall live,
In bliss below, and heaven above.
3 Then, do we love our brethren now?
And are we bound in union sweet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.
4 Let no one be ashamed of this,
For Jesus was a servant too;
And as we seek for heav'nly bliss
We'll in our Master's footsteps go.
5 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet,
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet,
And hope in love to see thy face.
6 And then we'll feast on heav'nly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow with angels at thy feet.

663 L. M.

1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song and strove to join.
2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.
3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new
Rise in succession to their view.
4 O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing hights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!
5 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!
6 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

783 *Moderato.* **MIGDOL. L. M.**



299 L. M.

1 Now shall our hearts with pleasure rise
To our dear Lord a song of praise;
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.

2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race;
He conquer'd sin and death and hell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

3 His work how great, his plans how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel,
For Jesus will do all things well.

4 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Sin, death and hell, with Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry—He has done all things well.

6 All creatures then as one shall join
To shout aloud his praise divine—
As sacred prophecies foretell—
And say—He hath done all things well.

89 *Slow and in steady time.* ANVERN. L. M.

1 Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sacred joy;
2 His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men:

3 We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;
4 We'll crowd thy gates with thank-ful songs High as the heav'ns our voices raise;

5 Wide as the world is thy command; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate and he des-troy.
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-gain.

What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak-er to thy name.
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

677 L. M.

He can cre-ate, and he des - troy.
He brought us to his fold a - gain.

Al - migh-ty Mak-er to thy name.
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

When rolling years shall cease to move.

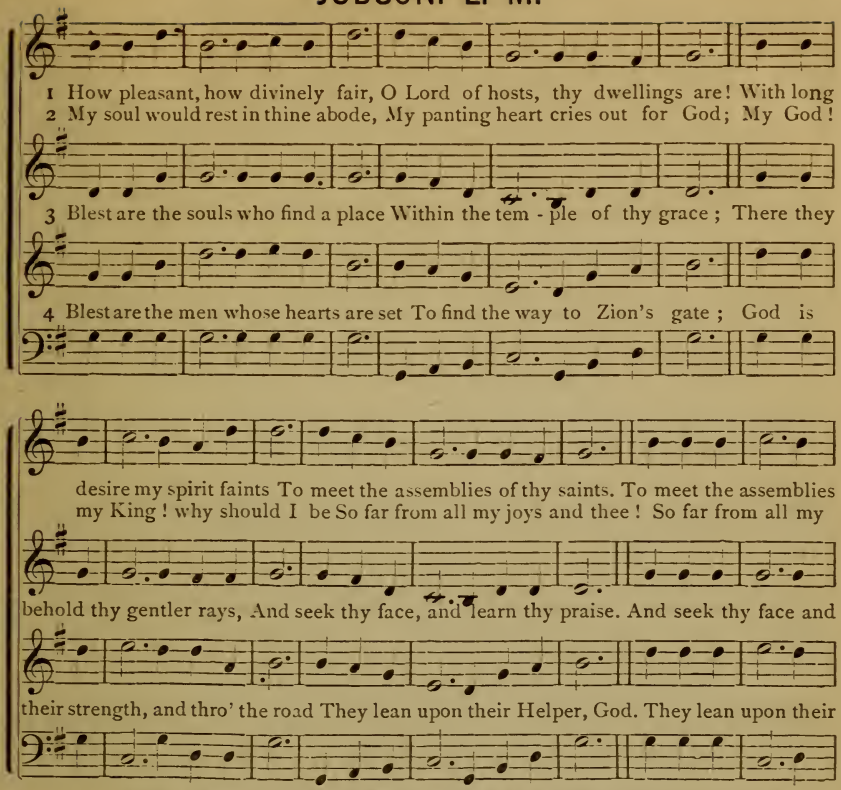
1 O happy saints that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Releas'd from sorrow, sin and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life,
And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring at his feet.

4 Ah, Lord! with falt'ring steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
When shall I wake in heaven to prove
The hights and depths of Jesus' love?

JUDSON. L. M.



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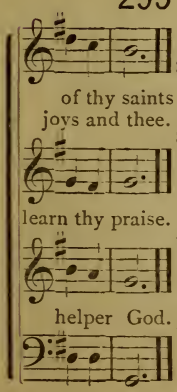


1 When Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught his people what to do:
And if we would his precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet.

2 For in that night he was betray'd.
He for us all a pattern laid;
Before his supper he did eat, [feet.]
He rose and wash'd his brethren's

3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose and laid his garments by,
And wash'd their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4 He wash'd them all to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin;
May none of us like Judas sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me.
O that no Christian here may say,
I'm too unworthy to obey.

6 You call me Lord and Master too,
Then do as I have done to you:
All my commands and counsels keep, [feet.]
And show your love by washing

7 Ye shall be happy if ye know,
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you up on high.

266

L. M.

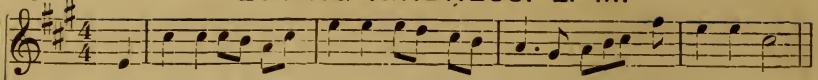
1 Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord, [receive,]
Bid the whole world my grace
He shall be sav'd who trusts my word;
He be condemn'd who don't believe. (known)

2 I'll make you great commission
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

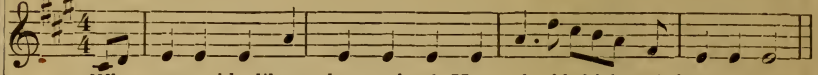
3 Teach all the nations my commands— (end)
I'm with you till the world shall
All pow'r is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy, and I defend.

4 He spake, and light shone 'round his head
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode
They to the farthest nation spread,
The grace of their ascended God.

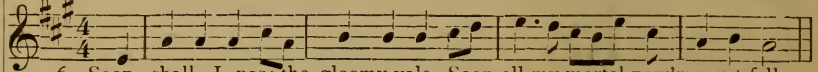
LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



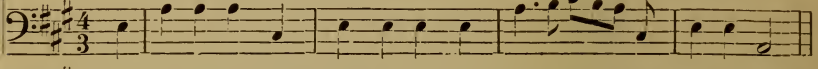
1 A - wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deemer's praise;
2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall, Yet lov'd me not - with-standing all;
3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way op-pose,



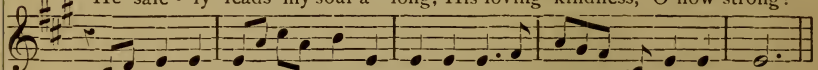
4 When trou - ble like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
5 I of - ten feel my sinful heart Prone from my Je - sus to de - part:



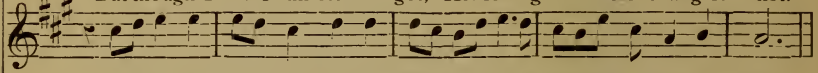
6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fall;
7 Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day,



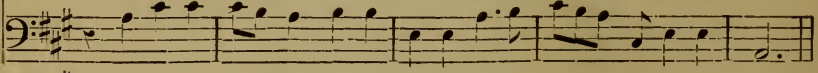
He just - ly claims a song from me, His loving kind-ness, O how free!
He sav'd me from my lost es - tate, His loving kindness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His loving kindness, O how strong!



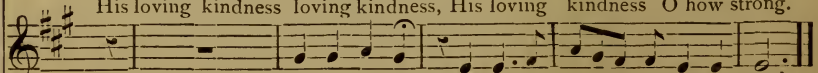
He near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness, O how good!
But though I have him oft for - got, His loving kindness chang-es not.



O may my last ex-pir-ing breath His loving kindness sing in death.
And sing with rap-ture and sur-prise His loving kindness in the skies.

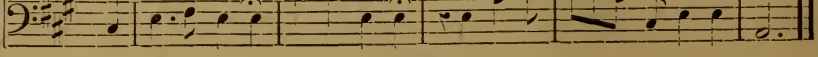


His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kind-ness O how free.
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness O how great.
His loving kindness loving kindness, His loving kindness O how strong.

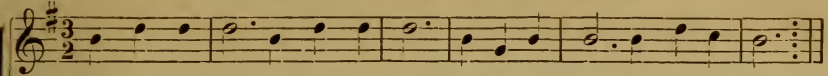


His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness O how good.
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness chan - ges not.

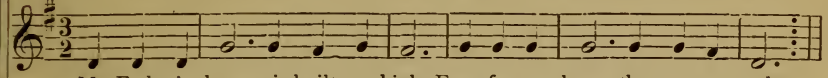
His loving kindness, loving kindness His loving kindness sing in death.
His loving kindness, loving kindness His loving kindness in the skies.



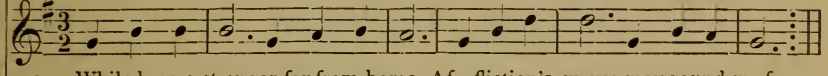
665 MY HEAVENLY HOME. L. M.



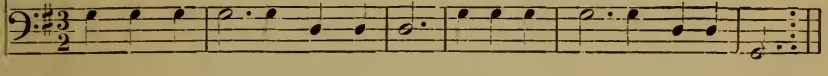
1 { My heaven-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there; }
{ Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
4 Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.



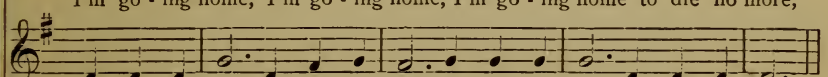
2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
When from this earth-ly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon re-fuse to shine,
All na - ture sink and cease to be—This heav'nly man-sion stands for me.



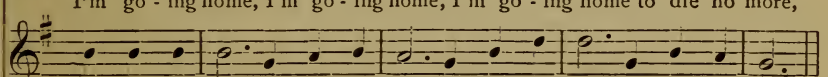
3 While here a stranger far from home, Af - fliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heav'nly man-sion is se - cure.



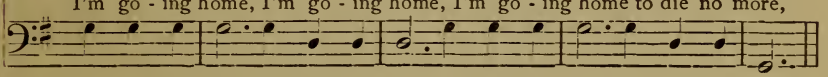
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,



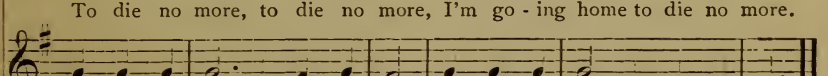
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.



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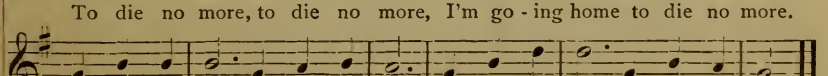
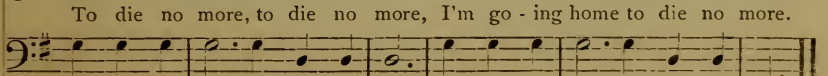
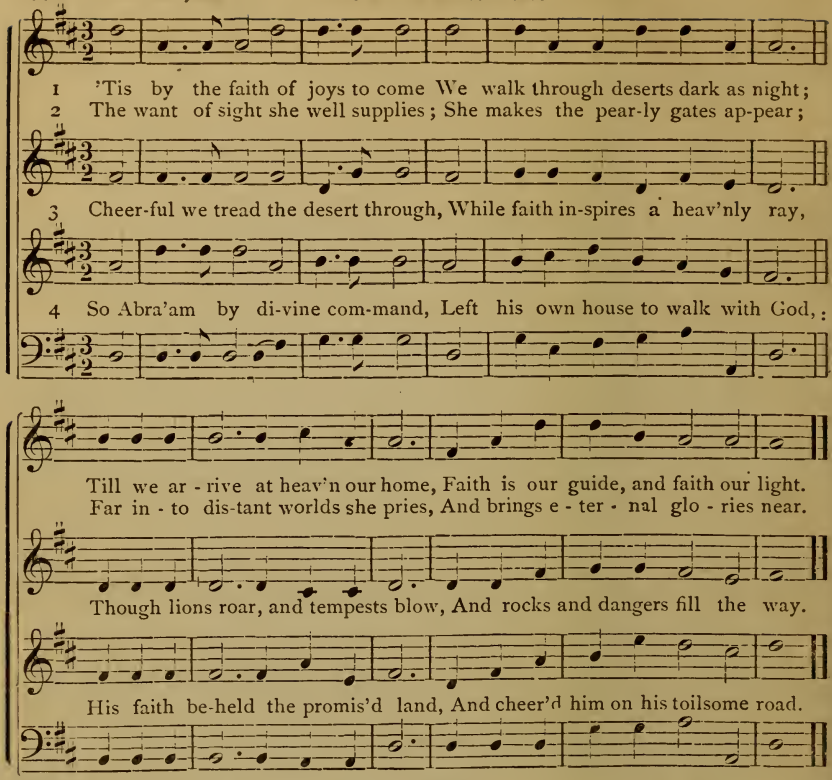


To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.



476 *Bold and firm.* FAITH. L. M.



148 L. M.

1 The worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O may it ever in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free
And sets the souls at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth,
For none but those whom truth makes free,
Can e'er enjoy their liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean, and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

48 L. M.

1 From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

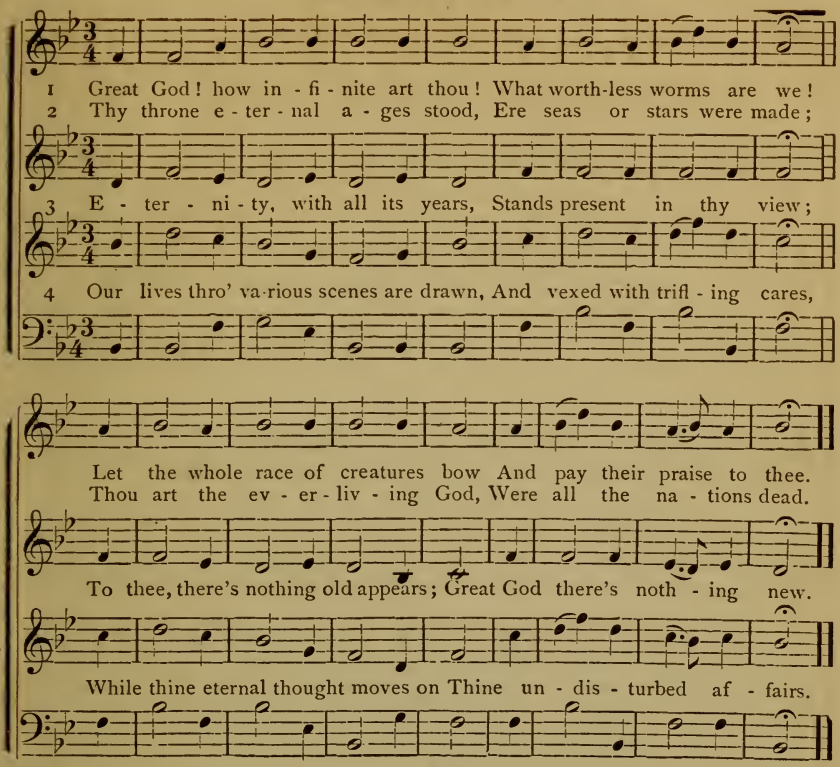
4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

110 L. M.

1 Dismiss us from the house of pray'r
With blessings such as mortals need,
And make our souls thy constant care,
Till we from evil shall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again,
Till we our Lord appearing see,
O may we all with Jesus reign,
And always with our Saviour be!

BALERMA. C. M.



53 C. M.

1 Blest be my God, that I was born
To hear the gospel sound—
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
And bred on holy ground.

2 That I was bred where God appears
With tokens of his grace;
The lines are fallen unto me
In a most pleasant place.

3 Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear;
I hear such blessed news from heav'n
Not earth nor hell I fear.

4 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord, for me did die;
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

5 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne,
And I with him shall reign.

10 C. M.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

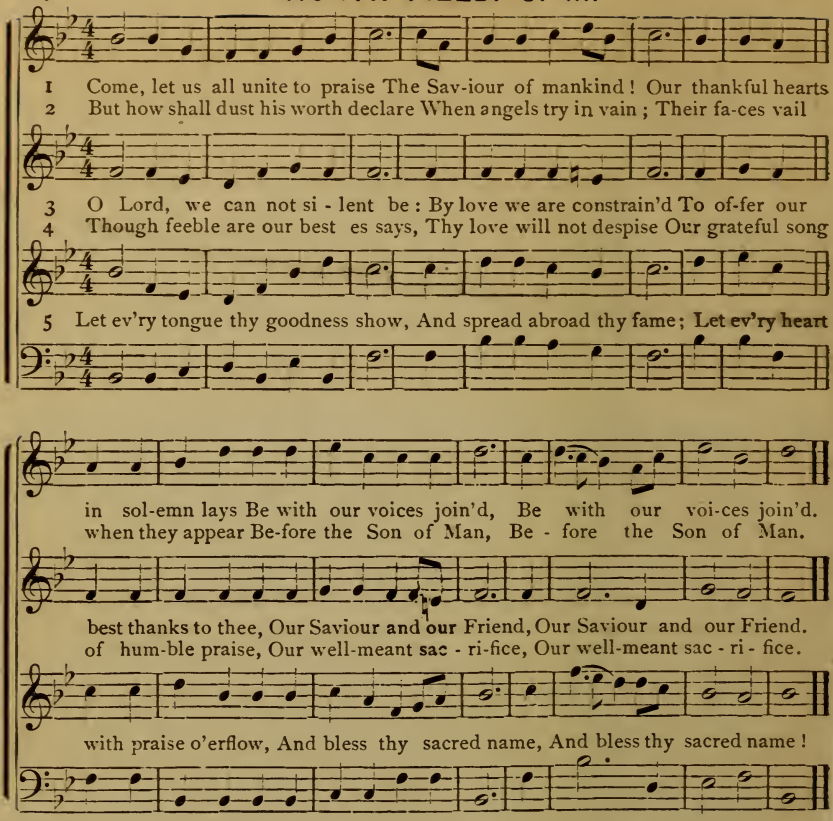
2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

4 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

5 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill.
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

47 NORTH FIELD. C. M.



81 C. M.

1 Once more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send,
From heav'n, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose.
To each thy blessing suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

70 C. M.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

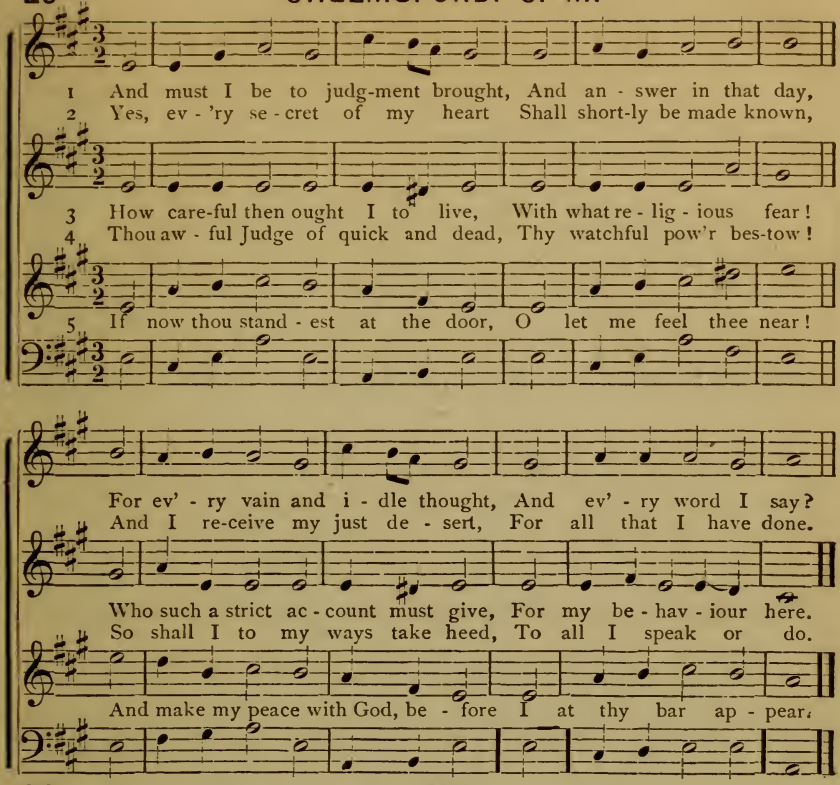
2 Jesus the name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean.
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour, come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

25 CHELMSFORD. C. M.



90 C. M.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine—for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

428 C. M.

1 O for a heart to love my God
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely shed for me.

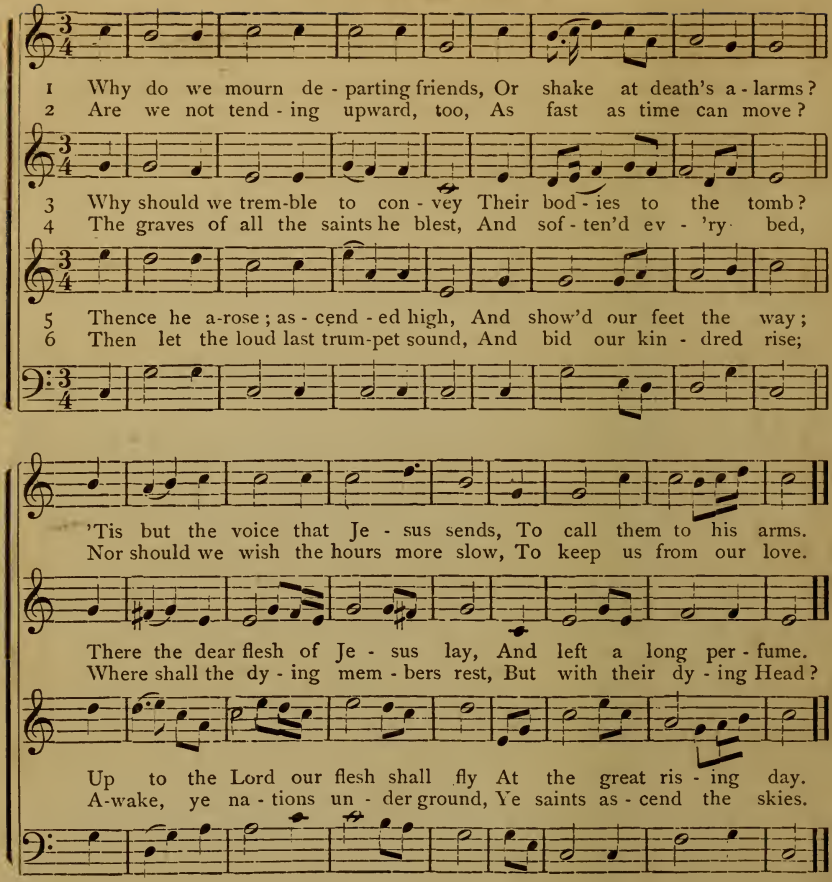
2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy holy nature, Lord impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart
Thy new best name of love.

610 CHINA. C. M.



585 C. M.

1 Ye mourning saints whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.

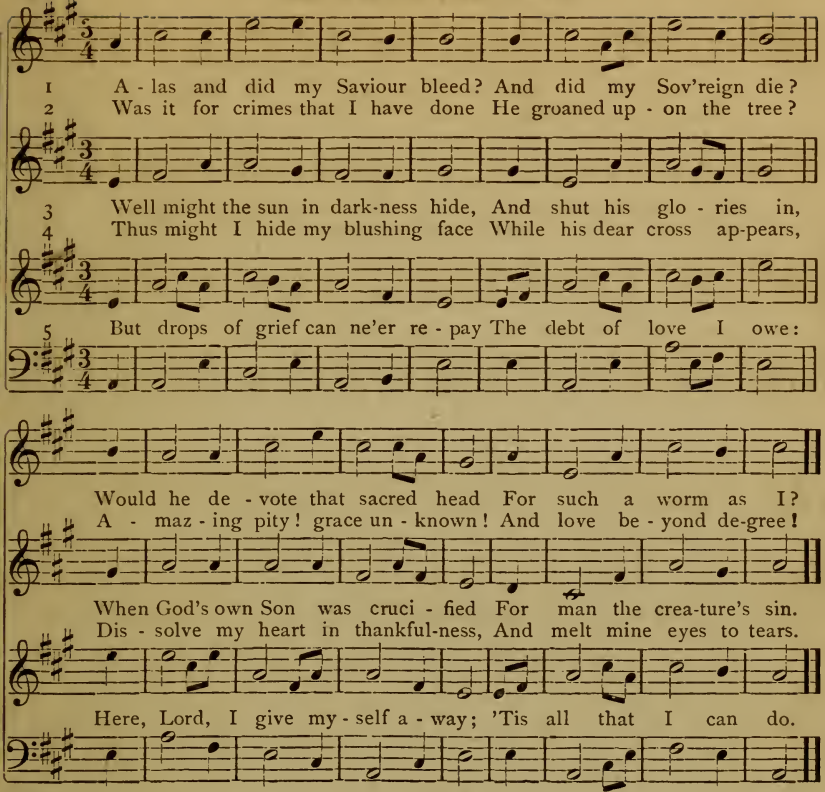
3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons,
Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope,
A rising race can give.
In endless honor and delight,
"My children all shall live."

We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds which through our hearts,
Prepare a way for thee.

193 REDEMPTION. C. M.



542 C. M.

1 O Lord, to us, assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face;
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach a throne of grace.

2 Thy house is call'd a house of pray'r,
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race;
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the throne of grace.

4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our ev'ry fear can chase;
And all our help we then shall prove,
Comes from the throne of grace.

5 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
We bless thee for thy peace;
And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

631 C. M.

1 Our days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

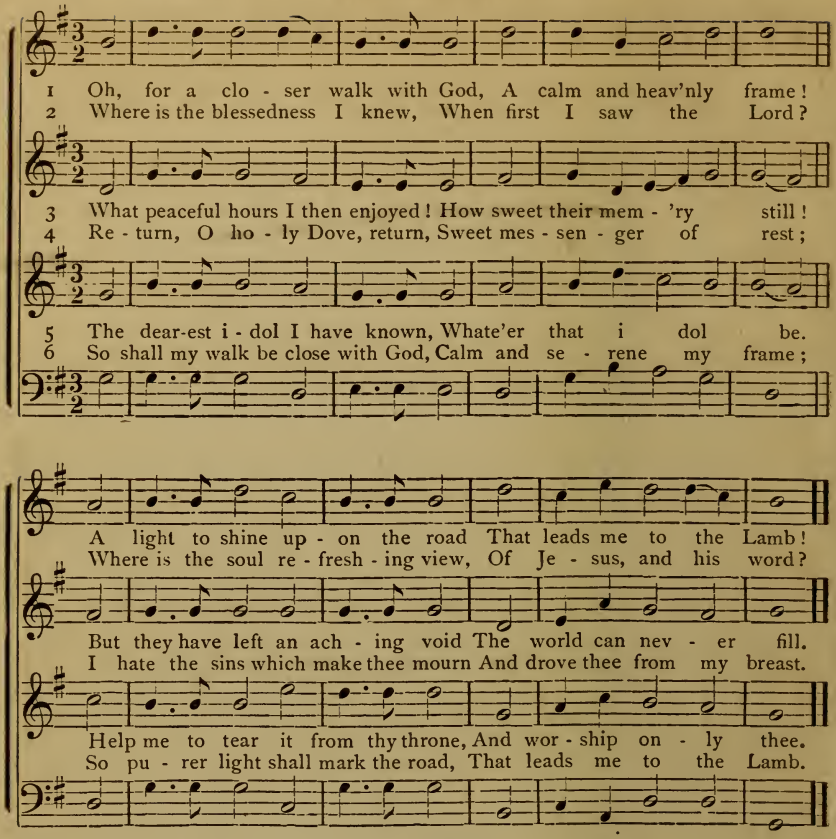
2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men;
And pain and sin run thro' the round
Of three score years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot flow too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

Moderato.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



55 C. M.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth.
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee.
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

320 C. M.

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

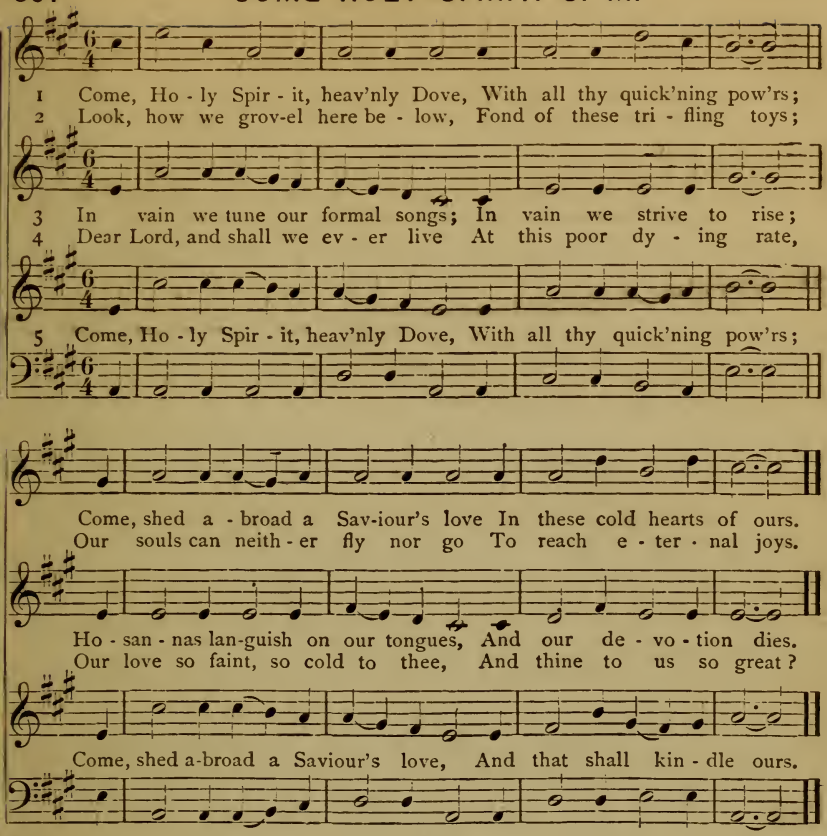
3 Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee the living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

397 COME HOLY SPIRIT. C. M.



13 C. M.

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that—God is love

3 Behold, his loving kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love

4 The work begun is carried on,
By pow'r from heaven above;
And ev'ry step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.

5 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.

6 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove—
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall sing that—God is love.

46 C. M.

1 Come heavn'ly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

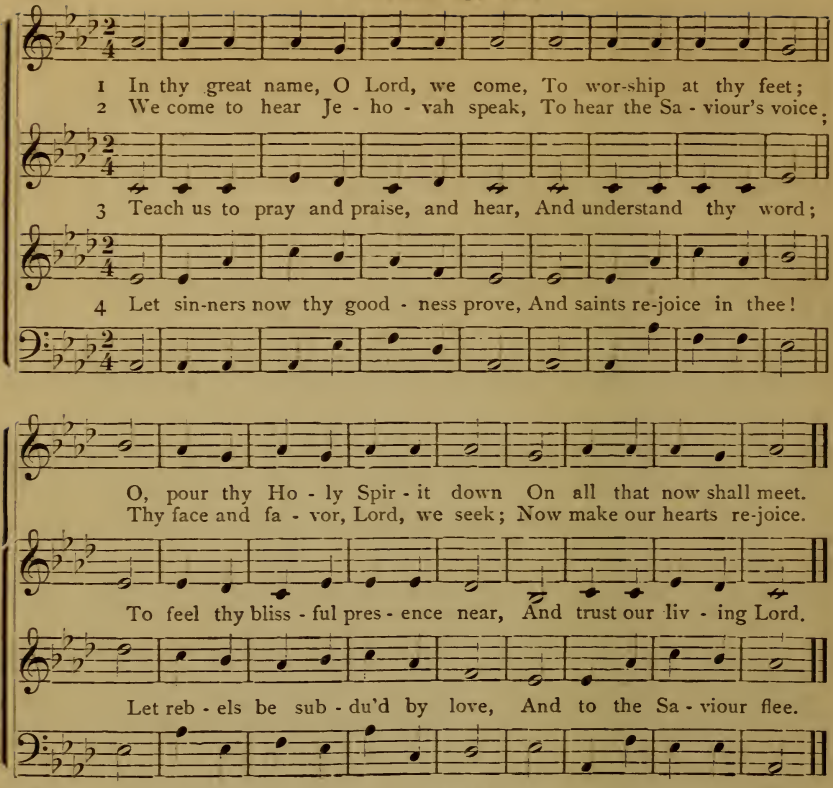
2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to dreadful wo.

4 God's only Son—stupendous grace!
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 O, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

95 EVAN. C. M.



318 C. M.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
  Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
  In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring
  Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
  Shades and bedews the whole.

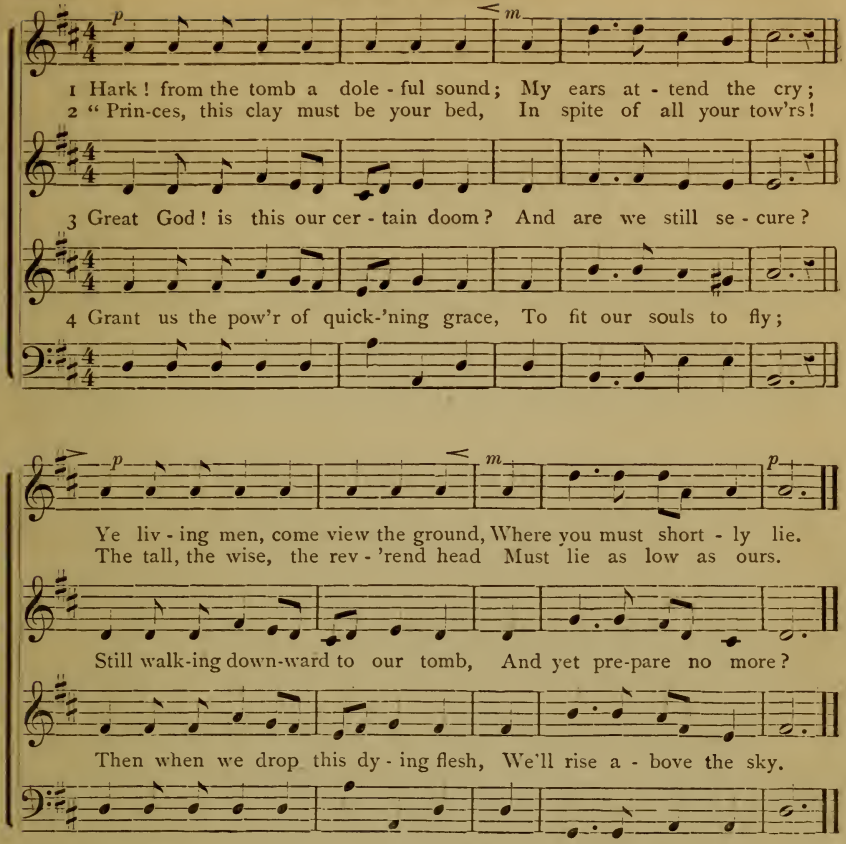
3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
  On Aaron's rev'rend head:
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
  And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
  That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
  And makes his grace distill.

221 C. M

1 For Zion's sake I will not rest,
  I will not hold my peace
Until Jerusalem be blest
  And Judah dwell at ease;
2 Until her righteousness return,
  As daybreak after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn
  With everlasting light.
3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
  And kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
  A new and holy name.
4 The watchmen on her walls appear,
  And day and night proclaim,
"Zion's Deliverer is near;
  Make mention of his name."
5 Go through, go through, prepare the way
  The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
  "Behold thy coming King."

602 NAOMI. C. M.



587 C. M.

1 If I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refin'd.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
I'll boldly venture through.

577 C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'ring and from sin releas'd
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with their Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

770 *Tenderly.* ORTNA. C. M.

1 Weep for the lost! Thy Saviour wept O'er Sa - lem's hapless doom;
2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept O'er Is - rael's gloomy fate,

3 Weep for the lost! A - pos - tles wept, That men should er-ror choose;
4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep In that long night of wo,

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep, And toil with cease-lesss care,

He wept to think their day was past, And come their night of gloom.
When vengeance had unsheath'd her sword Re - pent - ance came too late.

That dy - ing men should Christ re-ject, And end - less life re fuse.
On which no star of hope will rise, And tears in vain will flow.

To save our friends, ere yet they pass That point of deep des - pair.

124 C. M.

1 I love to steal a while away
From ev'ry cum'bring care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble grateful pray'r.

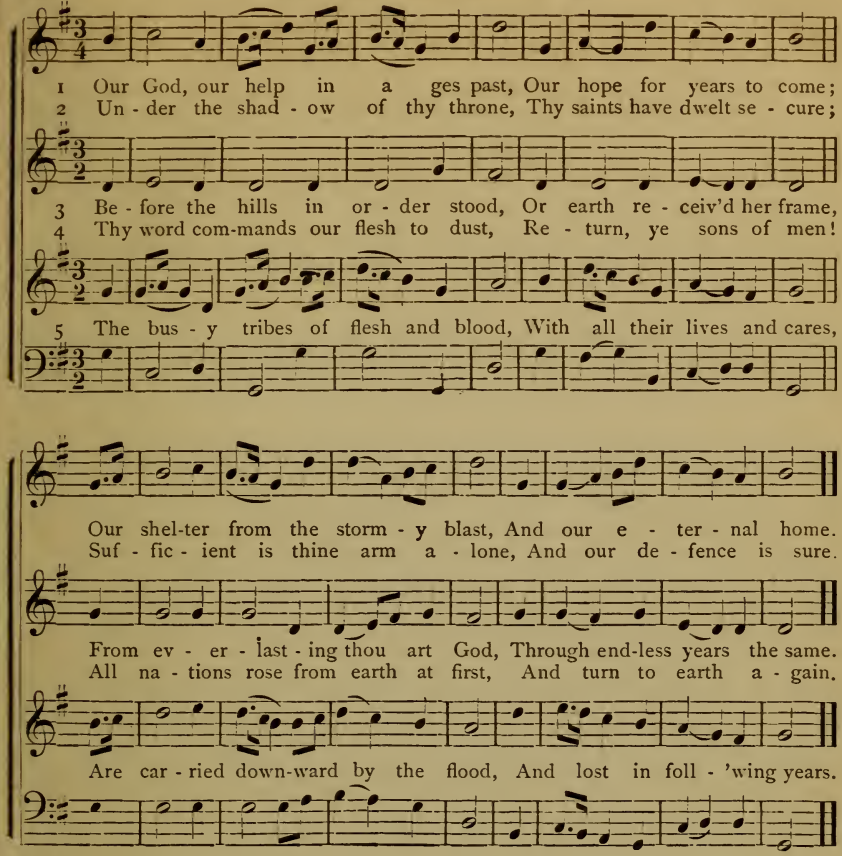
2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray,
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

23 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



67 C. M.

1 There is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood
The sinner's perfect plea.

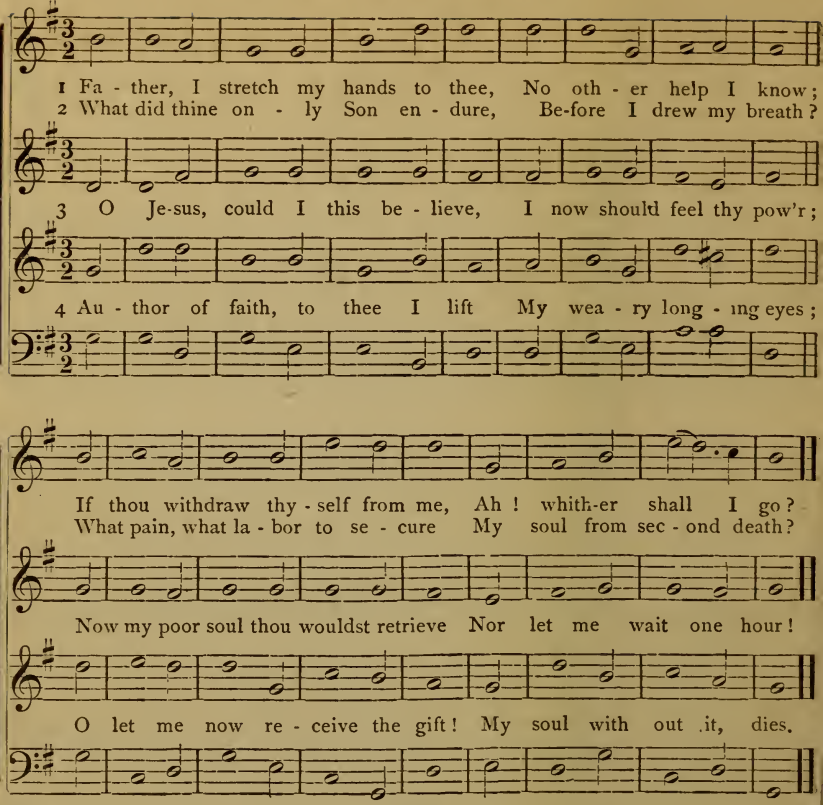
3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe:
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God:

6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free.
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

MEAR. C. M.



532 C. M.

1 Lord, teach thy servants how to pray,
With rev'rence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must to thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee!
Give broken, contrite, hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of Godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one Sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ—on Christ alone.

5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

6 Give these—and then thy will be done!
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

414 C. M.

1 The souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure.
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree,
Satan the weekest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

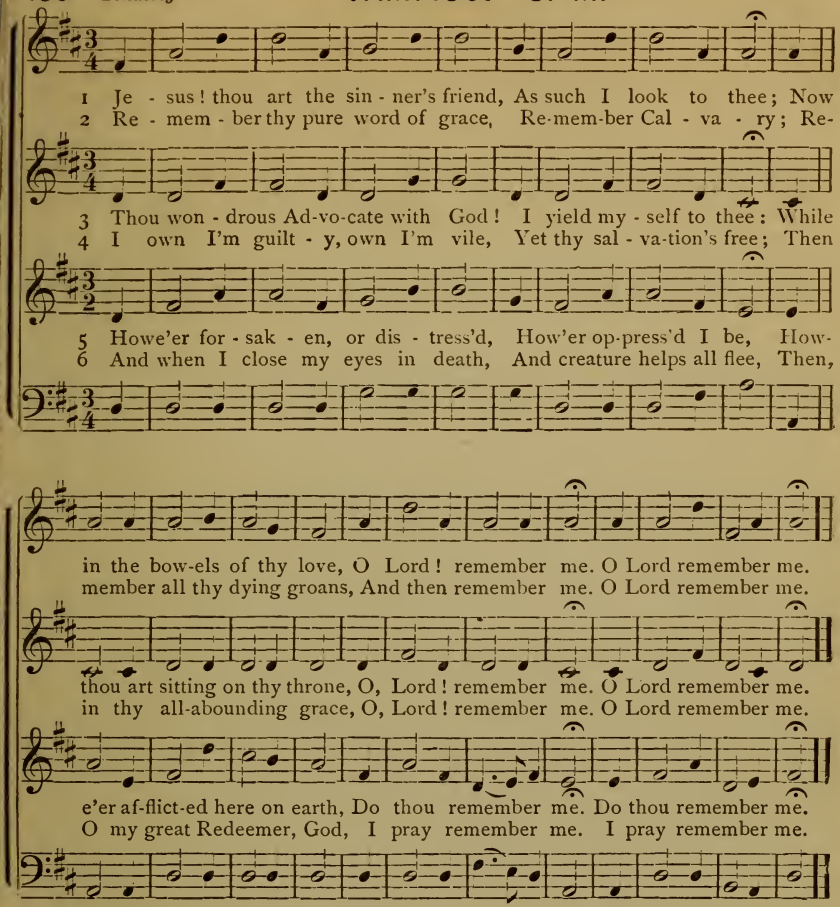
4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow:
'Till sad desertion makes us droop:
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart,
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye
And fight with hell by faith.

189 *Tenderly*

TAMPICO. C. M.



640

C. M.

1 Thee we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be.
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or wretched wo,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

289 *With gentleness* SILOAM C. M.

1 Meek - ly in Jor-dan's ho - ly stream The great Re - deem - er bow'd;
2 Thus God de - scend - ed to ap-prove The deed that Christ had done;

3 So, bless - ed Spir - it, come to-day To our bap - tis - mal scene:

4 This day we give to ho - ly joy; This day to heav'n be - longs:

Bright was the glo - ry's sa - cred beam That hush'd the wond'ring crowd.
Thus came the em - ble - mat - ic Dove And hov - er'd o'er the Son.

Let thoughts of earth be far a - way, And ev - 'ry mind se - rene.

Raised to new life we will em - ploy In mel - o - dy our tongues.

701 C. M.

1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes
Since thou wilt not remove;
O, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

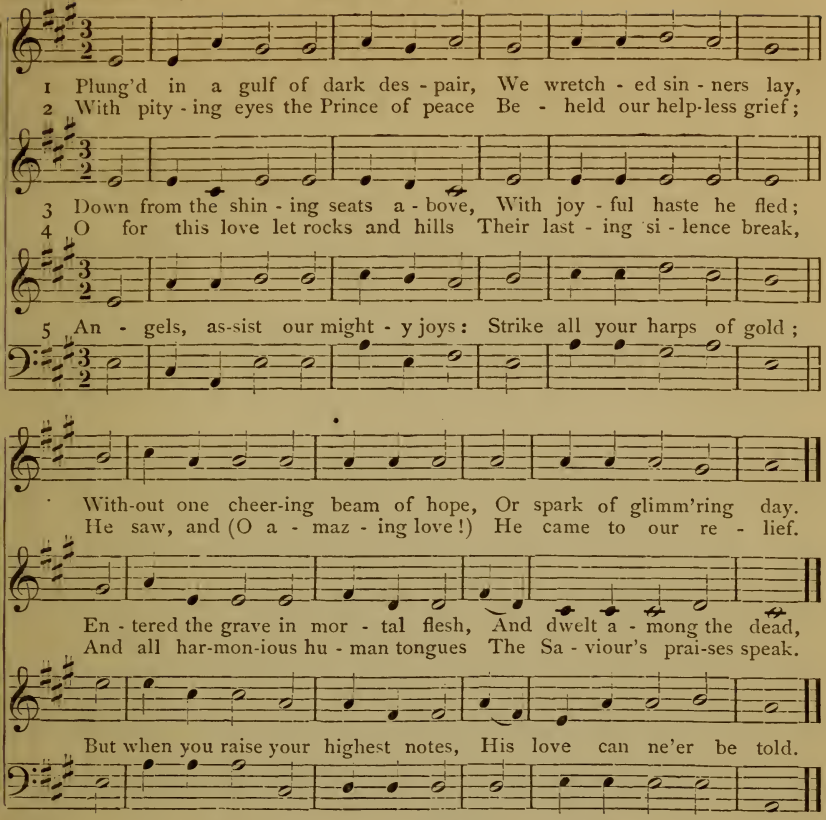
282 C. M.

1 Lord, in thy presence here we meet;
May we in thee be found!
O, make the place divinely sweet,
And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

383 *Slow and soft.* AZMON. C. M.



167 C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

700 C. M.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him who rules the skies.
2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide on the heav'n, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead
But mercy held thy hand.
5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

811 *Moderato.* EDGWORTH. C. M.

1 My God was with me all the night, And gave me sweet re - pose;
2 Now for the mer-cies of the night My hum-ble thanks I'll pay,
3 In press - ing dan-gers, fears and death, Thy goodness I'll a - dore,
4 My life, if thou preserve my life, Thy sac - ri - fice shall be;

His an - gels watch'd me while I slept, Or I had nev - er rose.
And un - to God I'll ded - i - cate The first fruits of the day.
And praise thee for thy mer - cies past, And hum - bly hope for more.
And death, when death must be my lot, Shall join my soul to thee.

Or I had nev - er rose.
The first fruits of the day.
And hum - bly hope for more.
Shall join my soul to thee.

694. C. M.

1 Early, my God, without delay.
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temples shine:
My God, repeat that heavn'ly hour,
That vision so divine,

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing,

290 PISGAH. C. M.

1 I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause,
2 Je - sus, my Lord! I know his name, His name is all my trust;
3 Firm as his throne his prom-ise stands, And he can well se - cure,
4 Then will he own my worth-less name, Be - fore his Fa - ther's face.

Main - tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

What I've com- mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.

And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Ap - point my soul a place.

32 C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head,

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

685 C. M.

1 Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below,

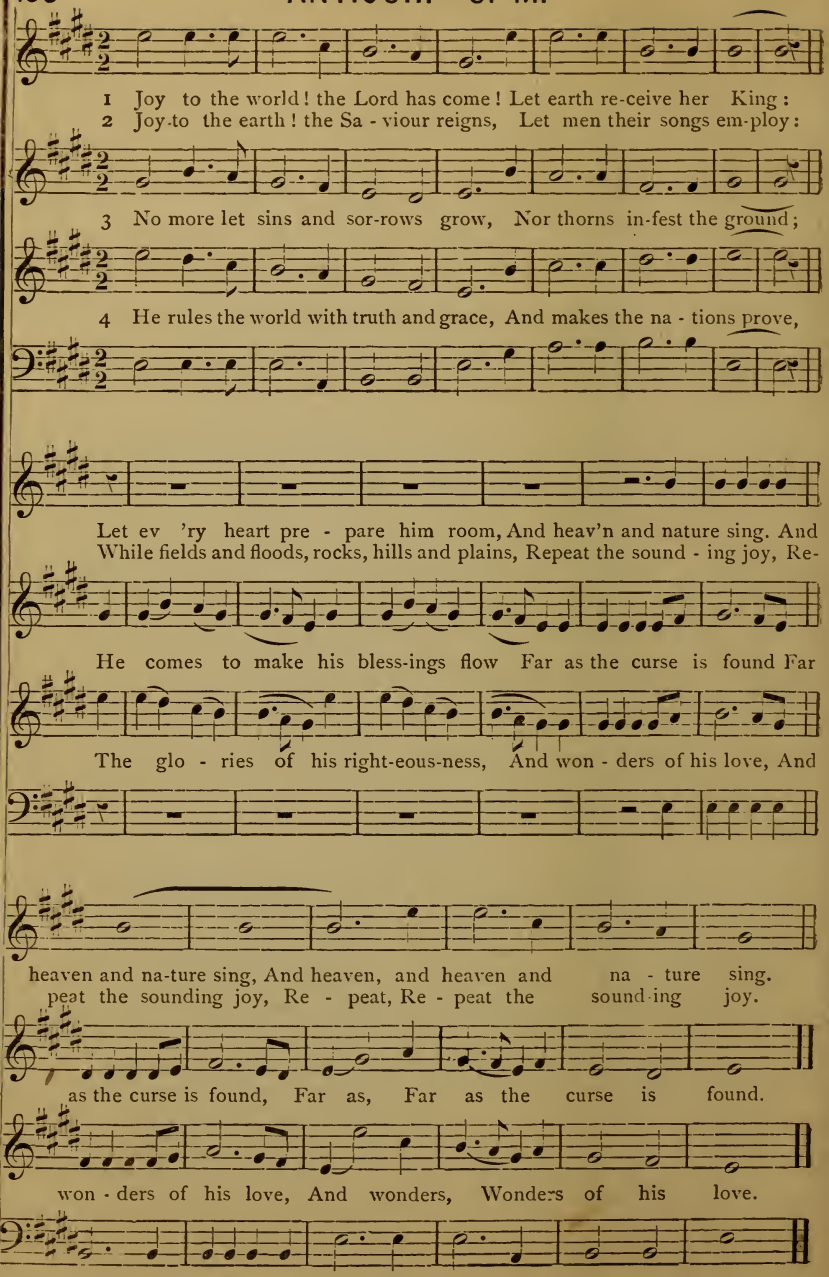
3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away
And bodies part no more.

ANTIOCH. C. M.


1 Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King:
2 Joy to the earth! the Sa - viour reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy:
3 No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove,
Let ev 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing. And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sound - ing joy, Re-
He comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found Far
The glo - ries of his right-eous-ness, And won - ders of his love, And
heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
won - ders of his love, And wonders, Wonders of his love.

164 *Allegro vigoroso*

ZERAH. C. M.

p

1 To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev - er more a - dor'd,

3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;

f

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor The great and might - y Lord.

Jus - tice shall guard his throne above, And peace a - bound be - low.

ff

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

The won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might-y Lord.

Jus - tice shall guard his throne above, And peace a - bound be - low.

REPENTANCE. C. M. (D.)

EVERETT.

1 { O that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his stat-utes still!
O that my God would grant me grace, To know and do his will.

2 { From van - i - ty turn off my eyes; Let no cor-rupt de - sign,
Nor cov - e - tous de - sires a - rise, With-in this soul of mine.

3 { My soul has gone too far a - stray, My feet too of - ten slip:
Yet since I've not for - got thy way, Re - store thy wand-'ring sheep.

O send thy Spir - it down to write Thy law up - on my heart!

Or - der my foot - steps by thy word, And make my heart sin - cere;

Make me to walk in thy commands, 'Tis a de - light - ful road;

Nor let my tongue in-dulge de - ceit, Nor act the liar's part.

Let sin have no do - min-ion, Lord, But keep my con-science clean.

Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Of - fend a - gainst my God.

586 C. M.

1 My soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you mine eyes look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead!
Then should our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh
These fetters and this load.
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before our summons come.
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

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235 C. M.

1 A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion! can not fail.

2 No! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears;
And every groan, and ev'ry sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be ev'ry fear suppress'd;
Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

140 C. M.

1 To-day God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he show'rs his grace;
Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said;
Lord, we will seek thy face,

2 Come, let us leave the things on earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo, heav'n descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine!

3 We come, dear Saviour, lo, we come,
Lord of our life and soul!
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleased to make us whole.

4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord!
Thou fountain-head of good!
Filthy we come, and all unclean;
O cleanse us in thy blood!

5 O may we please our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

5 Amid th' assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.

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599 C. M.

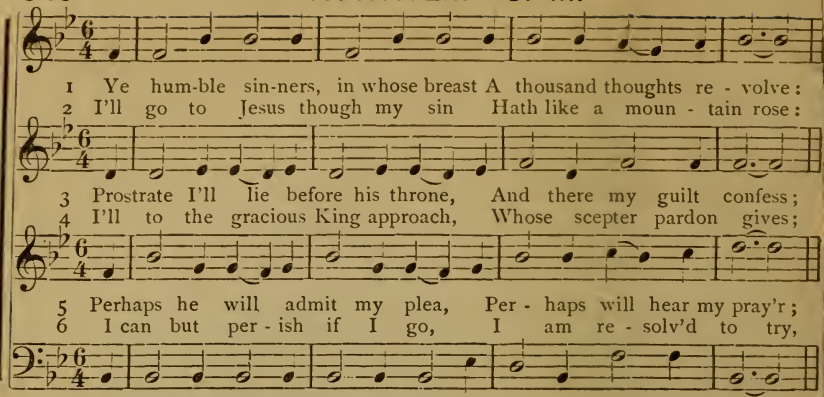
1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was giv'n?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heav'n.

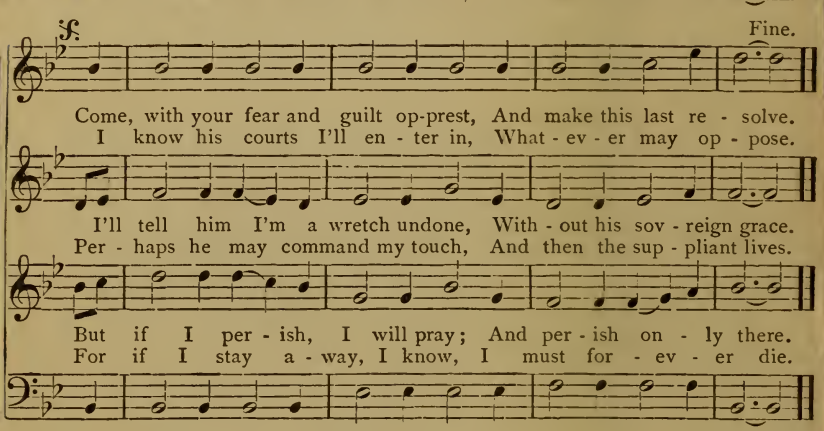
3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts, in ev'ry wo,
Still say—"Thy will be done!"

343 ATWATER. C. M.

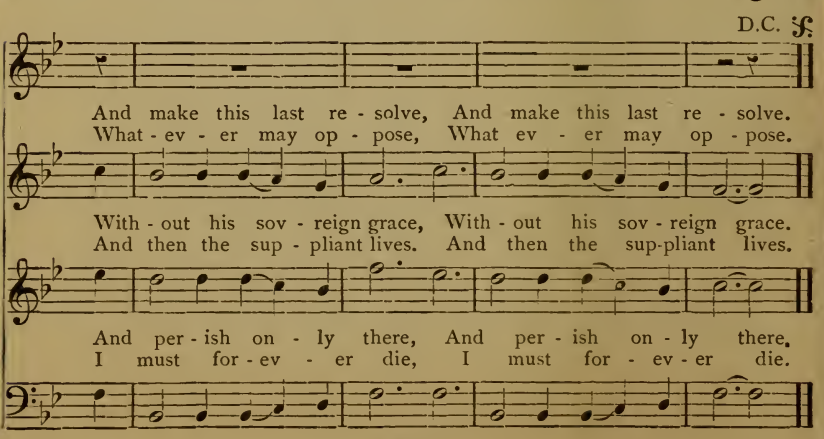


1 Ye hum-ble sin-ners, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve:
2 I'll go to Jesus though my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose:
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess;
4 I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose scepter pardon gives;
5 Perhaps he will admit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
6 I can but per - ish if I go, I am re - solv'd to try,



Fine.

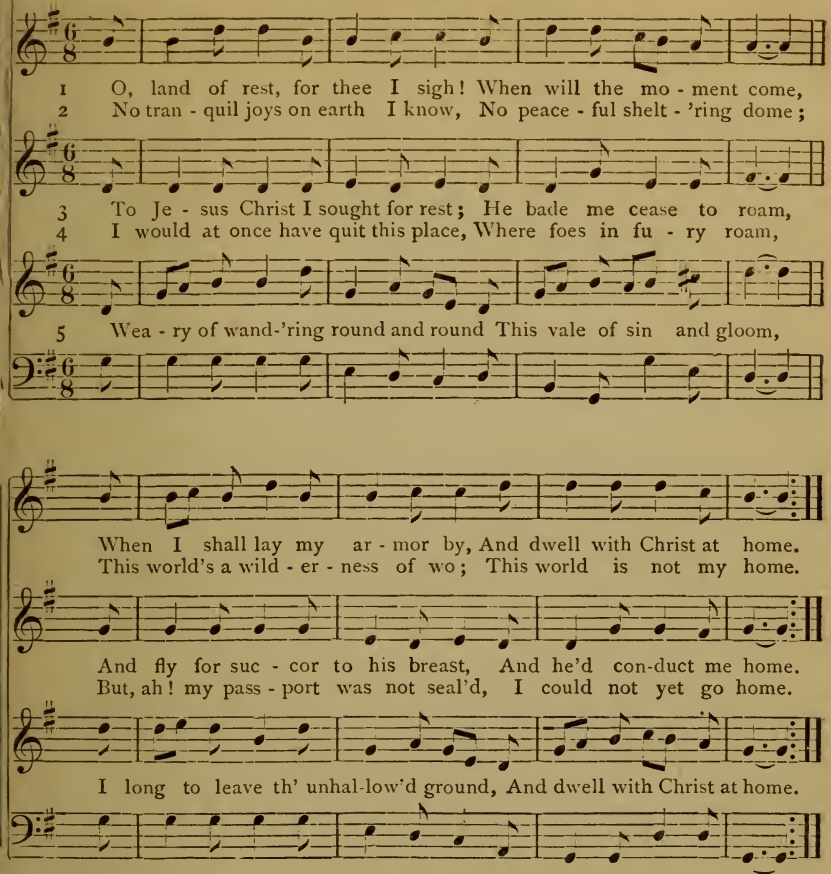
Come, with your fear and guilt op-prest, And make this last re - solve.
I know his courts I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, With - out his sov - reign grace.
Per - haps he may command my touch, And then the sup - pliant lives.
But if I per - ish, I will pray; And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know, I must for - ev - er die.



D.C.

And make this last re - solve, And make this last re - solve.
What - ev - er may op - pose, What ev - er may op - pose.
With - out his sov - reign grace, With - out his sov - reign grace.
And then the sup - pliant lives. And then the sup-pliant lives.
And per - ish on - ly there, And per - ish on - ly there.
I must for - ev - er die, I must for - ev - er die.

423 *Rather Slow* LAND OF REST. C. M.



670 C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possesions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

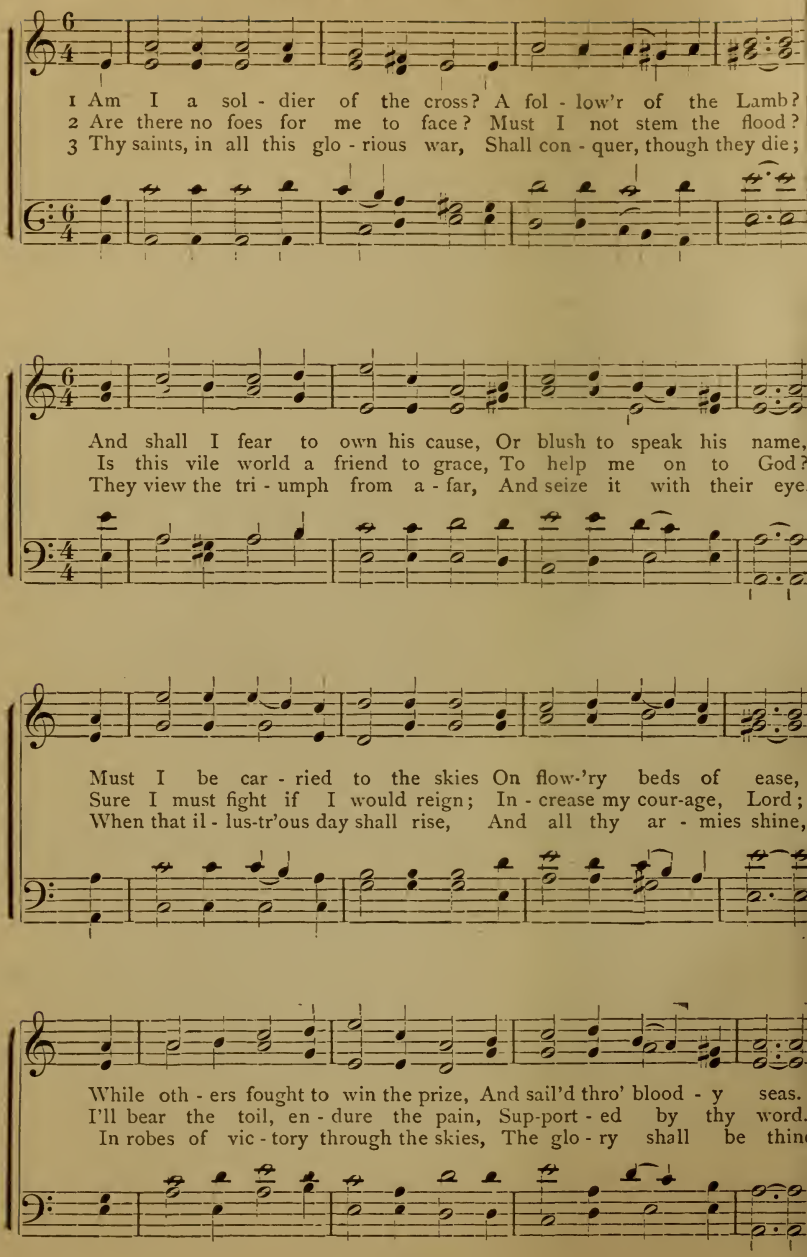
4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore.
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

561 LEANDER. C. M.



THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1 There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins:
2 The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That foun - tain in his day;

3 Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,

5 And when this fee-ble, falt'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

Fine

And sin-ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains,
And may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,

Till all the ran-somed church of God Are sav'd to sin no more,
Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,

Then in a no - bler sweet - er song I'll sing thy power to save,

D.C.

Lose all their guil - ty stains Lose all their guil - ty stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.

Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,

I'll sing thy power to save, I'll sing thy power to save,

686 *Slow.* **FAIR HAVEN. C. M.**

1 Hail, sweet-est, dear-est tie, that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one;
2 What though the northern win - 'try blast Shall howl a - round our cot;
3 From eastern shores, from northern lands, From west - ern hill and plain,
4 From Burmah's shores from Afric's strand, From In - dia's burn-ing plain,
5 No ling'ring look nor part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet-ing knows;

Hail, sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
What though be - neath an eas - tern sun Be cast our dis - tant lot.
From south-ern climes the broth - er bands May hope to meet a - gain.
From Eu-rope, from Co - lum - bia's land, We hope to meet a - gain.
Where friendship beams from ev - ry eye, And love im-mor - tal glows.

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has given—

The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

41 C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.

2 I love her gates, I love the road,
The church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

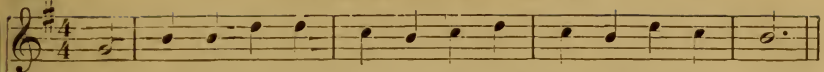
3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And with his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints:
We tremble and rejoice.

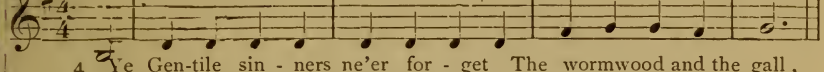
5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest,
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell
There God my Saviour reigns.

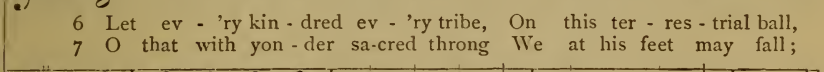
381 CORONATION. C. M.



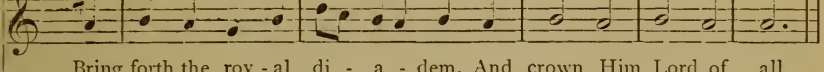
1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2 Crown him ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call;
3 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small,



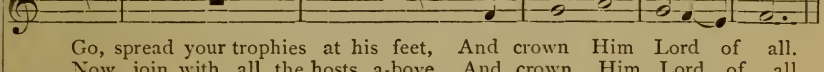
4 Ye Gen-tile sin - ners ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
5 Babes, men, and sires who know his love, Who feel your sin and thrall,



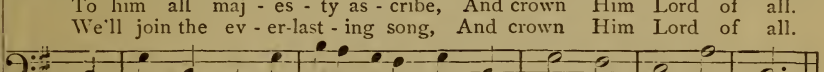
6 Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
7 O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall;



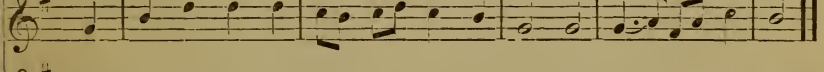
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all.



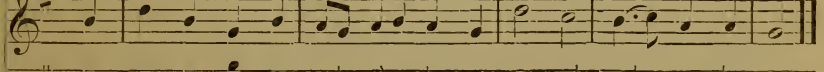
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now join with all the hosts a-bove, And crown Him Lord of all

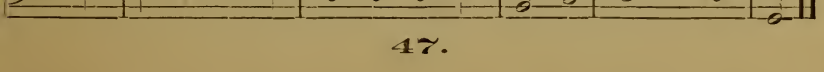


To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



Repeat last line of each verse.





THE LORD MY SHEPHERD FEEDS ME. 7's & 6's.

Ps. 23. NELLIE A. REMICK.

1 The Lord my Shep-herd feeds me, And I no want shall know;
2 He doth, when ill be - tides me, Re - store me from dis - tress;

3 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me, When pass-ing death's dark vale;
4 My food thou doth ap - point me, Pre - pared be - fore my foes;

5 Thy good-ness shall not leave me, Thy mer - cy still shall guide,

He in green pas-tures leads me, By streams which gent - ly flow.
For his name's sake he guides me In paths of right - eous - ness.

Thou, Lord, wilt still be near me, And I shall fear no ill.
With oil Thou dost an - oint me; My cup of bliss o'er - flows.

Till God's house shall re-ceive me, For - ev - er to a - bide.

1 WE bring no glitt'ring treasures
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.

2 Children, thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our oft'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

3 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:

4 We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

5 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;

6 Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.

LAMENT. C. M.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow In na - ture's bar - ren soil;

2 A bleed-ing Sa - viour, seen by faith, A sense of pard - 'ning love,

3 These are the joys that sat - is - fy, And sanc - ti - fy the mind

Fine.

All we can boast, 'till Christ we know, Is van - i - ty and toil,
A hope that tri - umphs ov - er death, Give joys like those a - bove.

Which make the Spir-it mount on high, And leave the world be - hind.

𝄋 There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace, Are found and there a - lone.
Are springs of joy that nev - er fail, Un - speak - a - ble, di - vine.
Re - sign to them that know him not, Such joys as earth af - fords.

D.S. 𝄋

But where the Lord has plant - ed grace, And made his glo - ries known.

To take a glimpse with - in the vail, To know that God is mine,

No more be - liev - ers mourn your lot, But if you are the Lord's,

83 WE'LL STAND THE STORM. C. M.

1 When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti-tle clear When I can read my ti-tle

{ When I can read my ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle
{ I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry

When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti-tle clear When I can read my ti-tle

clear, ti - tle clear When I can read my ti - tle clear, to man-sions in the skies.

{ clear, When I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies.
{ fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - ry fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.

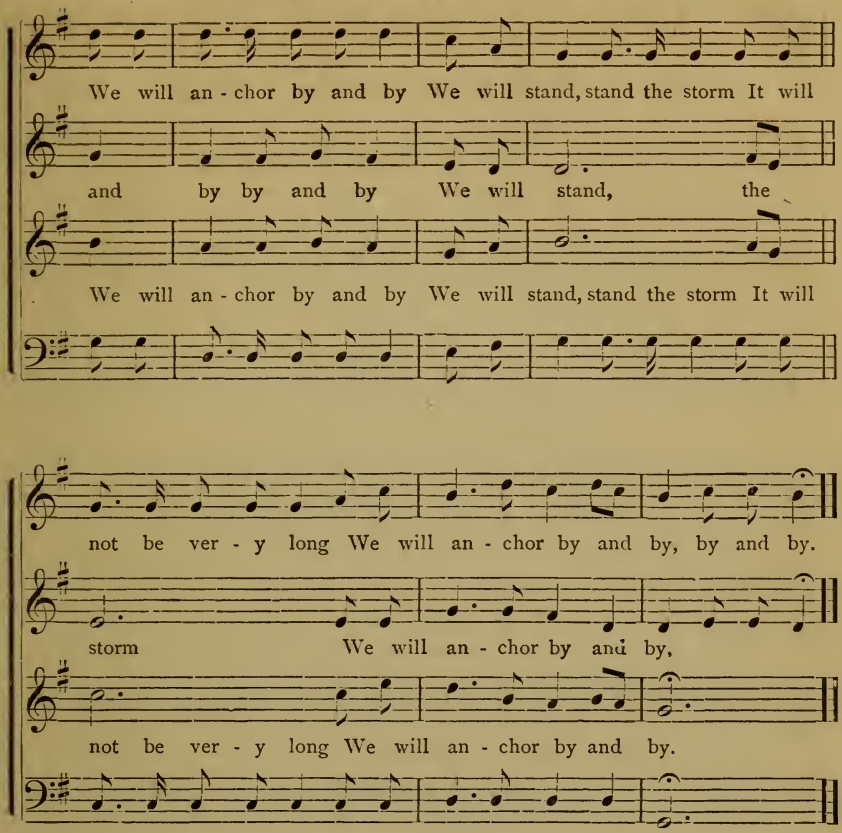
clear, ti - tle clear When I can read my ti - tle clear, to man-sions in tee skies.

We will stand sand the storm It will not be very long We will an-chor by and by,

We will stand the storm We will an - chor by

We will stand stand the storm It will not be very long We will an-chor by and by,

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.--Con.

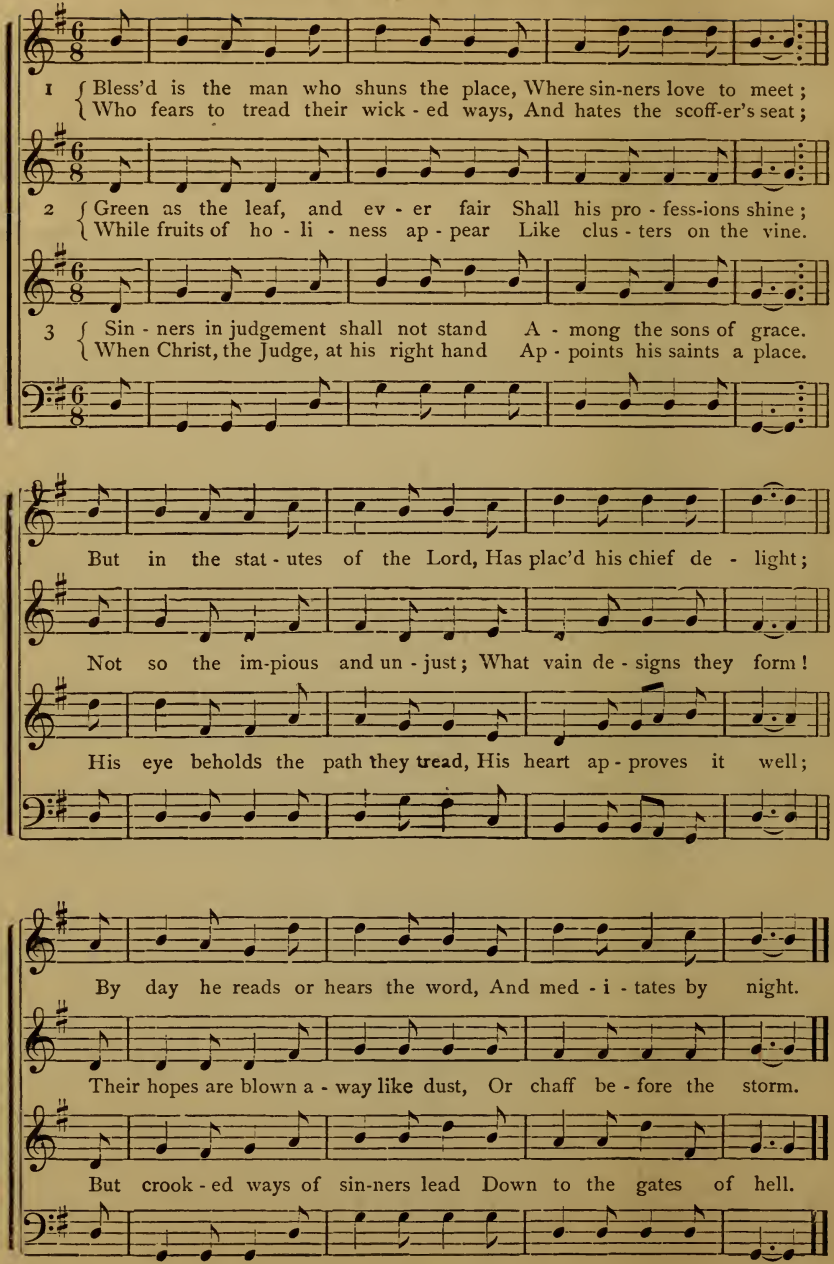


2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

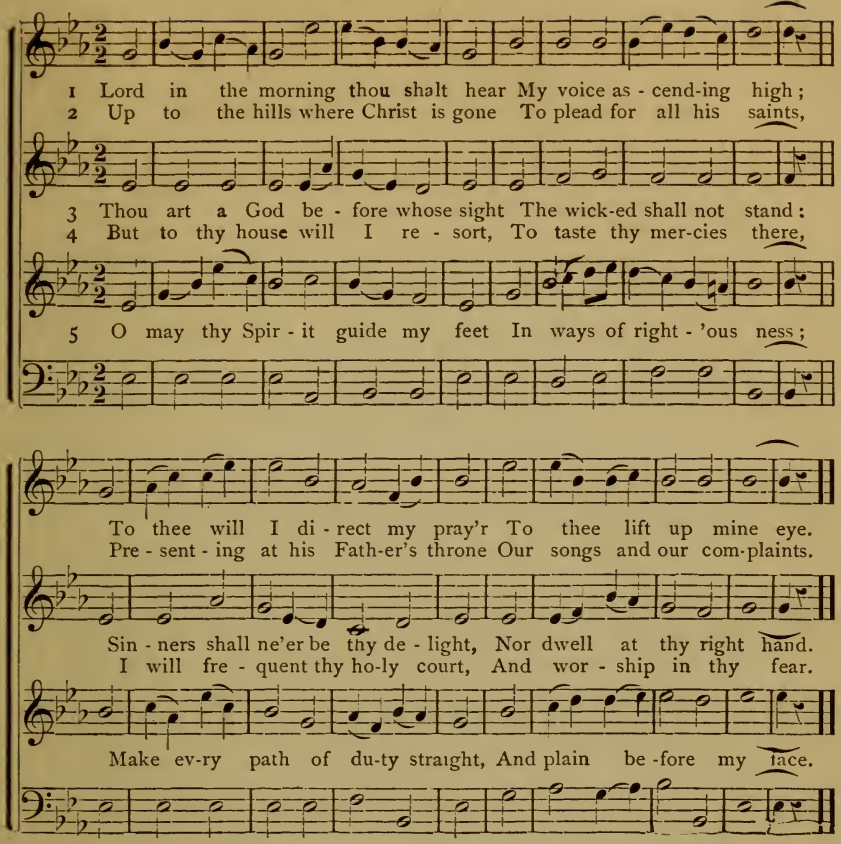
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come;
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavn'ly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CAPTIVE. C. M. (D.)


1 Bless'd is the man who shuns the place, Where sin-ners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wick - ed ways, And hates the scoff-er's seat;
2 Green as the leaf, and ev - er fair Shall his pro - fess-ions shine;
While fruits of ho - li - ness ap - pear Like clus - ters on the vine.
3 Sin - ners in judgement shall not stand A - mong the sons of grace.
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand Ap - points his saints a place.
But in the stat - utes of the Lord, Has plac'd his chief de - light;
Not so the im-pious and un - just; What vain de - signs they form!
His eye beholds the path they tread, His heart ap - proves it well;
By day he reads or hears the word, And med - i - tates by night.
Their hopes are blown a - way like dust, Or chaff be - fore the storm.
But crook - ed ways of sin-ners lead Down to the gates of hell.

697 WARWICK. C. M.



174 C. M.

1 Thou art the way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou, only, canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

687 C. M.

1 Now, pilgrims let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove,
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.

2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

3 Let us rejoice in God, our King,
While pilgrims here we rove,
And join with heart and voice to sing,
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore,
And there unite a glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

668 *Not too fast.* **VARINA. C. M.**

1 { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

2 { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.

3 { O, could we make our doubts remove— These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with'ring flow'rs;

But tim'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;

Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heav'n - ly land from ours.

And lin- - ger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way,

Not Jor-dan's streams, nor death's cold flood, Could fright us from the shore.

19 C. M.

1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move :
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
On this our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise ;
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

---

6 C. M.

1 Holy and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
" Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry ;
" Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

448 C. M.

1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise my soul and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

3 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod.
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

4 In fierce temptations fi'ry blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.

5 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

---

229 C. M.

1 Behold the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

609 BERTHA. C. M.

1 And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it droop or die;
2 In hope of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain,
3 O, what hath Je - sus bought for me! Be - fore my raptur'd eyes
4 O, what are all my suffer-ings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet

My soul shall quit this mournful vale And soar to worlds on high:
And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain:
Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of par - a - dise:
With that enraptur'd host t'ap - pear, And wor - ship at thy feet!

Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long-sought rest.
I suf - fer on my threescore years, Till my De - liv' - rer come,
I see a world of spir - its bright, Who taste the pleasures there;
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way;

(That on - ly bliss for which it pants) In the Re - deemer's breast,
And wipe a - way his ser-vant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.
They all are rob'd in spot-less white, And conquering palms they bear.
But, let me find them all a - gain, In that e - ter - nal day.

735 C. M.

1 Happy is he whose early years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

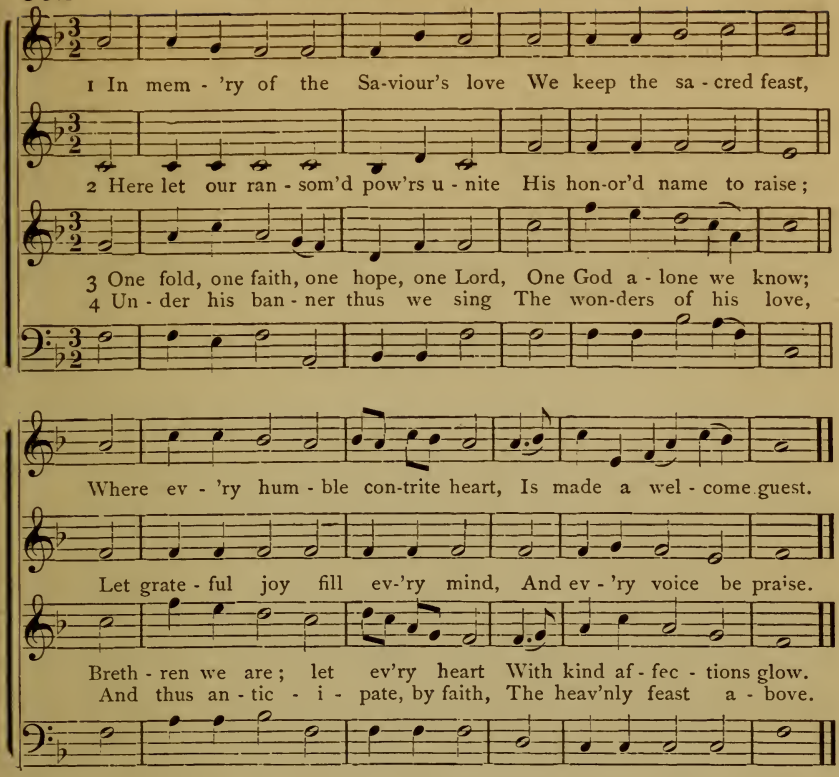
2 'Tis easier work, if we begin,
To serve the Lord betimes.
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes,

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young:
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

302 WHITMORE LAKE. C. M.



594 C. M.

1 Behold the western ev'ning light!
It melts in deep'ning gloom
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wand'ring cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the mem'ry left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

5 And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall sleep to wake no more.

479 C. M.

1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin he pardon'd, I'm secure.
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

438 BE NOT AFRAID. C. M.

Fine.

1 When waves of trou-ble round me swell, My soul is not dis - may'd :
2 When black the threat'ning skies ap - pear, And storms my path in - vade,

3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd; Sa - viour be near to aid!

4 There is a dark and fear - ful vale, Death hides with-in its shade ;

𝄋 O may we ev - er hear that voice, 'Tis I be not a - fraid.

I hear a voice I know full well, 'Tis I; be not a - fraid.
Those ac-cents tran - quil - ize each fear— 'Tis I; be not a - fraid.

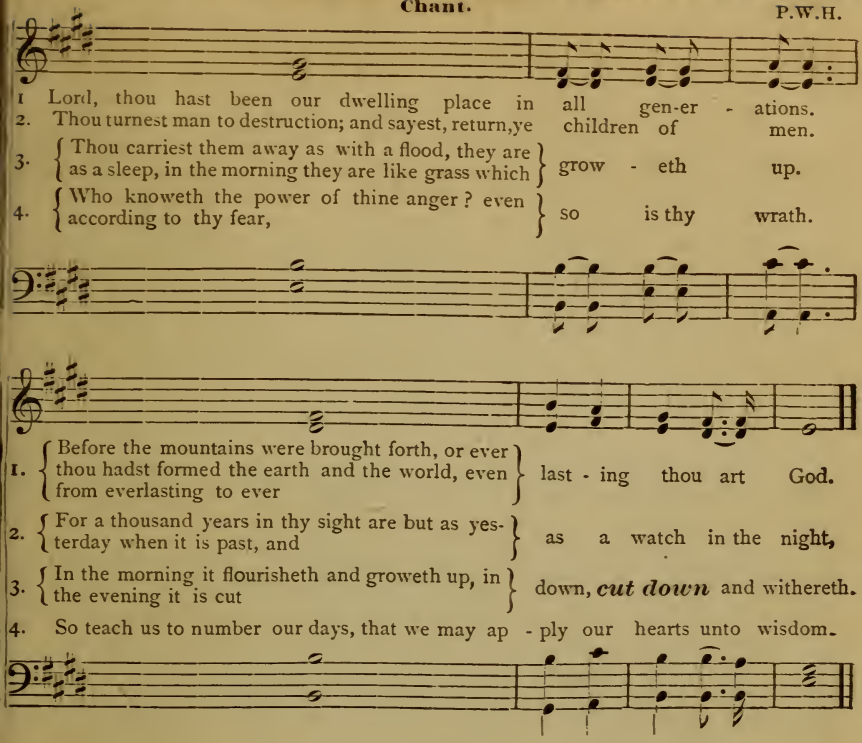
Whis - per when my frail bark is toss'd— 'Tis I; be not a - fraid.

O say, when flesh and heart shall fail— 'Tis I; be not a - fraid.

D.C. 𝄋

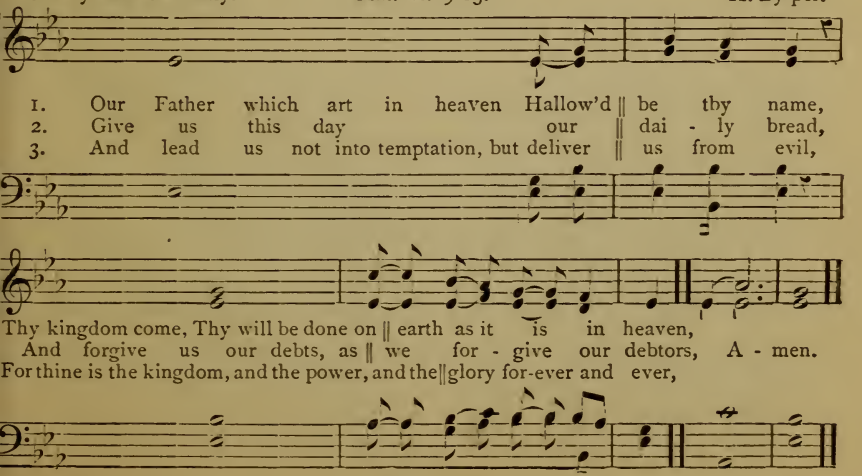
'Tis I be not a - fraid, 'Tis I be not a - fraid.

Chant. P.W.H.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Slowly and reverently. Mat. vi. 9-13. H. By per.



102 WALKER. S. M.

C. M. WYMAN.

1 Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing!
2 He form'd the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound;

3 Come, wor-ship at his throne, Come, bow be-fore the Lord;
4 To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod;

5 But if your ears re - fuse The lan-guage of his grace,
6 The Lord, in vengeance drest, Will lift his hand and swear,

Je - ho - vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wat'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

We are his work, and not our own, He form'd us by his word.
Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gracious God.

And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews, That un - be - liev - ing race:
You that dispis'd my pro - mis'd rest, Shall have no por - tion there!

247 S. M.

1 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.
2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold;
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes.
And rites adorn'd with gold.
6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

79 S. M.

1 Lord, at thy sacred feet,
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.
2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.
3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.
4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wondrous truth and love unfold.
The treasures of thy word.
5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are blessed with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.
6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of Love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

500 *Gently.* TENDERNESS. S. M. E. HAMILTON.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2 To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3 Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly;

A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, Aud fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas-ter's will!
And thy poor ser-vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac - count to give.
As - sur'd, if I my trust be - tray, A se - cond death I'll die.

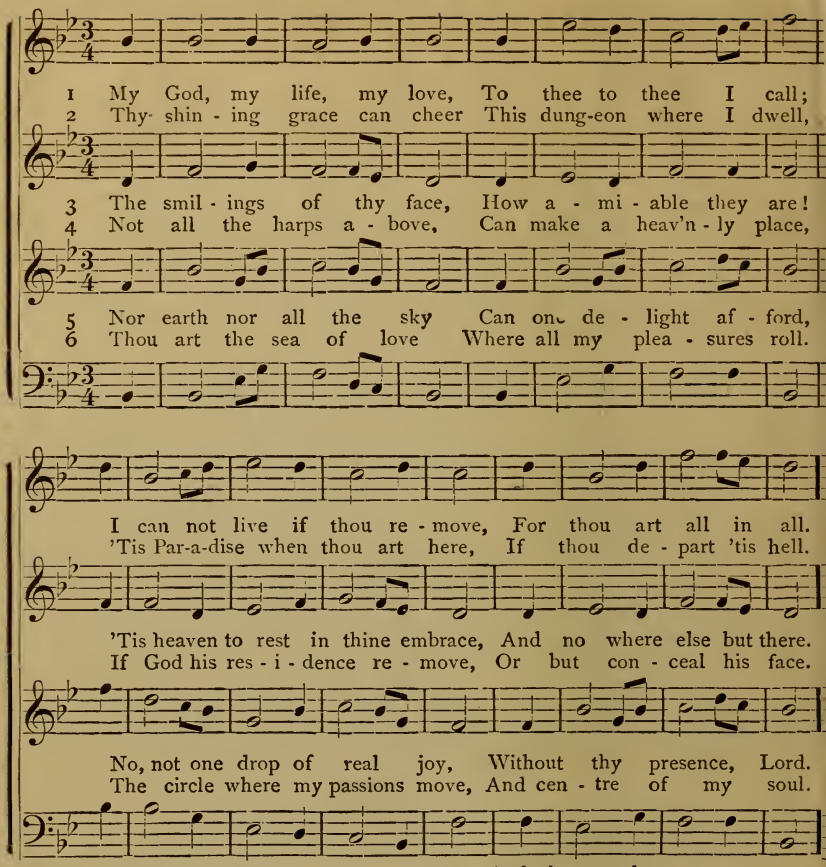
50 S. M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.
2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits—
The Lord to thee is kind.
3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole:
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days
O bless the Lord, my soul!

450 S. M.

1 Our heavn'ly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near:
With both, our friendship shall be sweet
And our communion dear.
2 God pities all our griefs.
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand
And purchas'd with his blood!
4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

22 *Slow.* **ZUAR. S. M.**



713 S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear,
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unweari'd sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run!

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love!

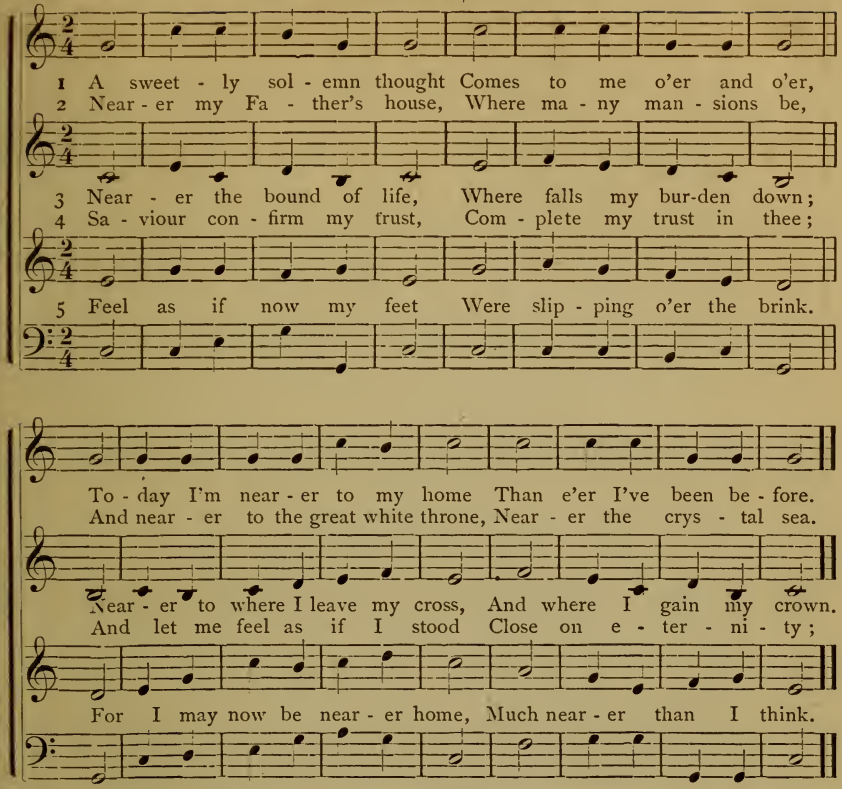
115 S. M.

1 Once more, before we part.
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound.

793 *Gently* NORTH BRANCH. S. M.



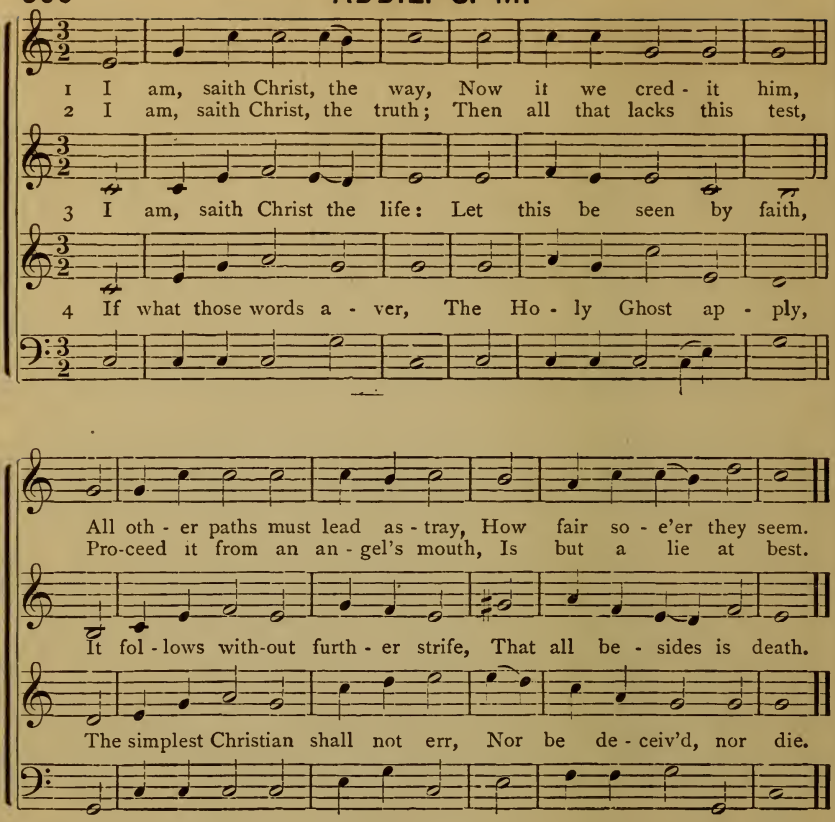
621 S. M.

1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mold'ring in the clay?
2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry form and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.
5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

578 S. M.

1 Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefil'd,
With blessings on thy head.
2 Before thy heart had learn'd
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turn'd
The dark and downward way;
3 Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere;
4 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight;
5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

805 ADDIE. S. M.



104 S. M.

1 Lord, at this closing hour
Establish ev'ry heart
Upon thy word of truth and pow'r,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give:
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glories view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In ev'ry age ador'd,
Let glory from the church arise.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord

293 S. M.

1 Go with thy servant, Lord,
His ev'ry step attend
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

2 Preserve him from all wrong;
Stand thou at his right hand;
And keep him from the sland'rous tongue
And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou to the list'ning crowd,
His faithful labors bless.

4 Farewell dear lab'rer, go;
We part with thee in love.
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above.

168 S. M.

1 The law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ(a nobler name)
Descending from above.
2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
3 Then to his new commands.
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sov'reign and the head.
4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold how terribly he dies,
For his presumpt'ous thought.
5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

531 S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward—
To thee and thy great name.
4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
5 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
6 I want I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

716 S. M.

1 God is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health and friends,
And ev'ry good, I owe.
2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small,
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

187 S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

172 S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from ev'ry eye.
2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found
And there's no weeping there.

242 S. M.

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found—
2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.
3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more
4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
Thy soul shall there be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the world shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

BARON. S. M.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, That nev - er knew our God.
3. The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur - veys,
4. This aw - ful God is ours, Our Fa - ther and our Love;
5. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gin be - low;
6. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry

Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.
But ser-vants of the heav'nly king May speak their joys a - broad.
That rides up - on the storm - y sky, And calms the roar-ing seas:
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs, To car - ry us a - bove.
Ce-lest - ial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
We're marching on Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.
But ser - vants of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a - broad.
That rides up-on the storm-y sky, And ealms the roar-ing seas.
He will send his heav'nly pow-ers, To car - ry us a - bove.
Ce - lest - ial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
We're marching on Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

253 S. M.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n
Till toils and cares shall end.

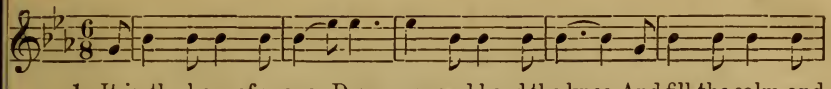
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

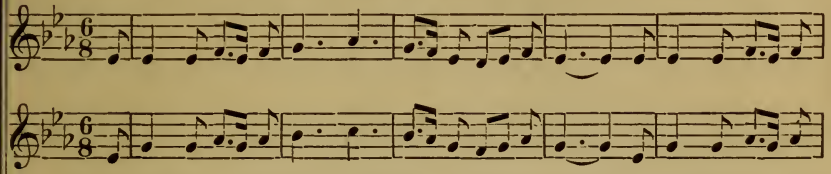
6. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

TENDER CARE.

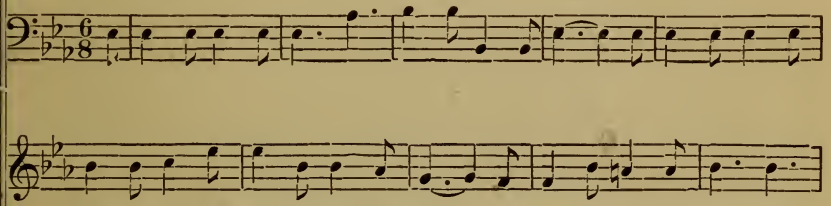
M. North.



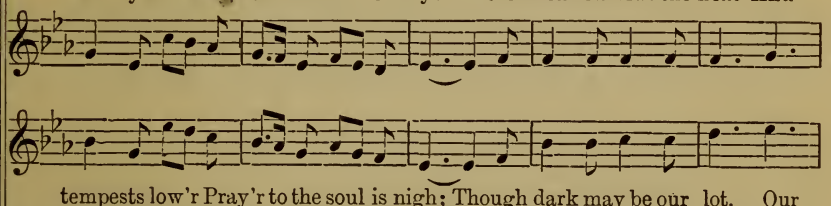
1. It is the hour of prayer, Draw near and bend the knee, And fill the calm and



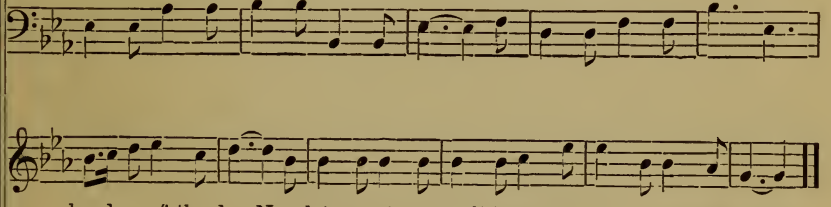
2. O, blessed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high! Like sunlight when the



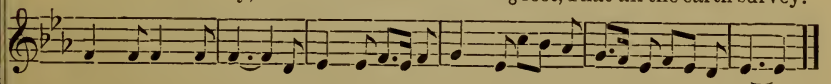
ho - ly air With voice of mel - o - dy! O'er wearied with the heat And

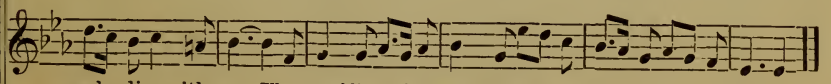


tempests low'r Pray'r to the soul is nigh; Though dark may be our lot, Our

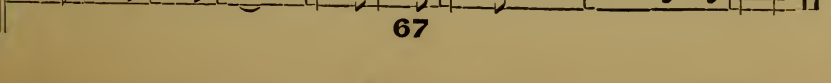


burd-en of the day, Now let us rest our wand'ring feet, That all the earth survey.

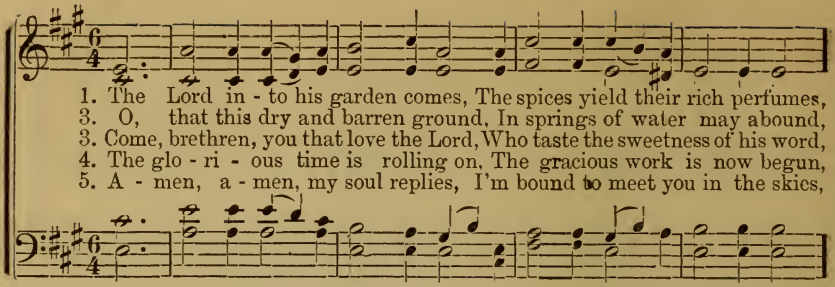


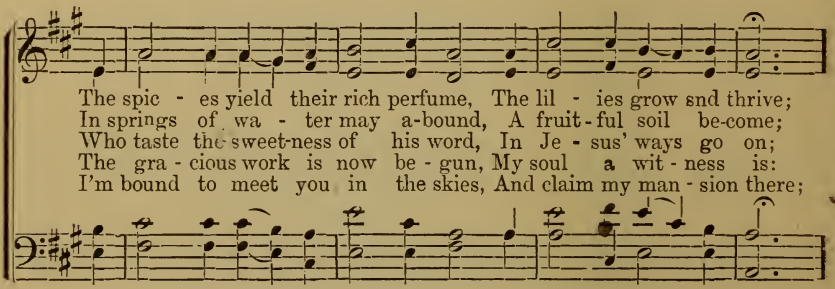


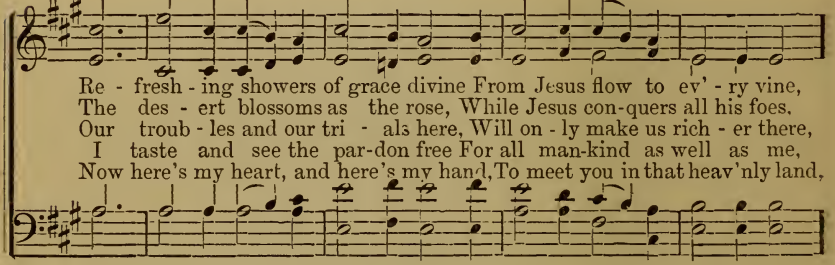
eyes be dim with care, These sadd'ning tho'ts shall trouble not This ho-ly hour of pray'r.

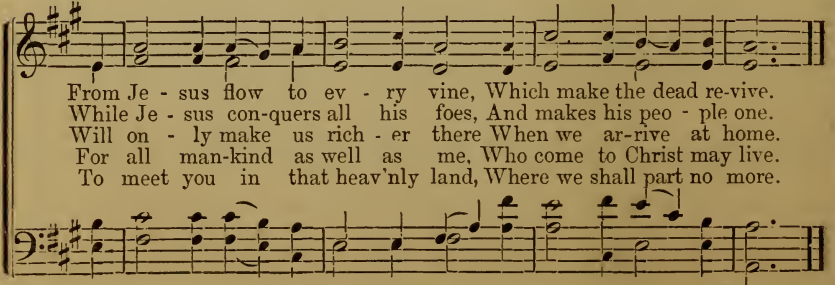


KINGWOOD. C. P. M.









THE PILGRIM'S SONG. S. M. D,

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come;
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore;
4. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,
5. A few more meet - ings here Shall cheer us on our way;

And we shall lie with them that rest, A - sleep with-in the tomb.
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime.
And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more.
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th' e - tern - al Sab - bath day.

Chorus.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare my soul for that great day;

O wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Rather slow and in exact time.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, A-

2. The grave is near the cra - dle seen: How swift the moments pass between, And

3. My soul, at - tend the sol - em call! Thy earthly tent must shortly fall, And

round the steady pole; Time, like a tide, its motion keeps, And I must launch thro'

whisper as they fly: Unthinking man, remember this, Though fond of sub-lu-

thou must take thy flight, Beyond the vast expansive blue, To sing a-bove, as

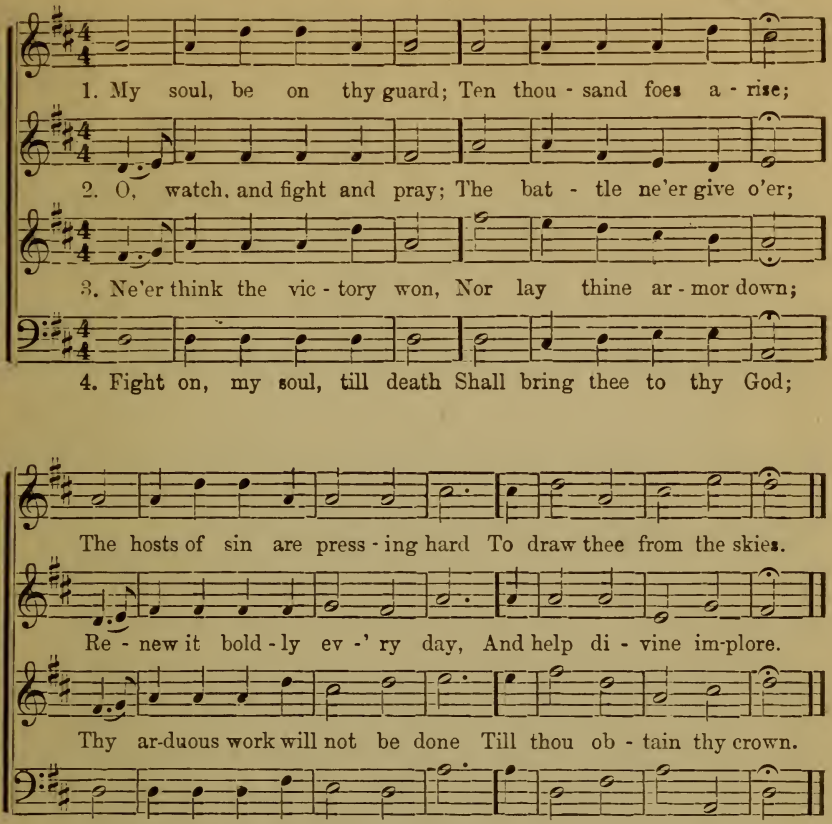
endless deeps, Where endless a - ges roll. Where end-less a - ges roll.

na - ry bliss, That thou must groan and die. That thou must groan and die.

an-gels do, Or sink in gloom-y night. Or sink in gloom-y night.

LABAN. S. M.

L. Mason.



258

S. M.

1. How beauteous are their feet
   Who stand on Zion's hill!
   Who bring salvation on their tongues,
   And words of peace reveal.

2. How charming is their voice!
   How sweet the tidings are!
   "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
   He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears
   That hear this joyful sound,
   Which kings and prophets waited for,
   And sought, but never found.

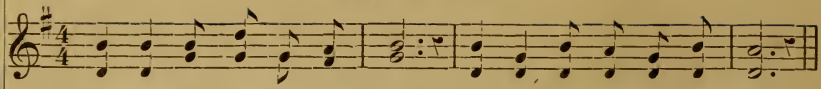
4. How blessed are our eyes
   That see this heav'nly light!
   Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
   But died without the sight.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
   And tuneful notes employ;
   Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
   And deserts learn the joy.

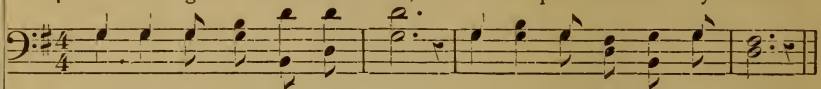
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
   Through all the earth abroad:
   Let all the nations now behold
   Their Saviour and their God.

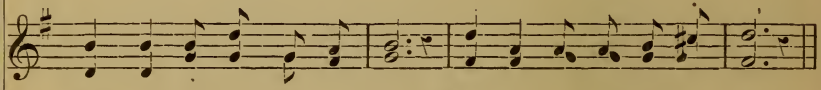
181

ZANE. 7's. (D.)

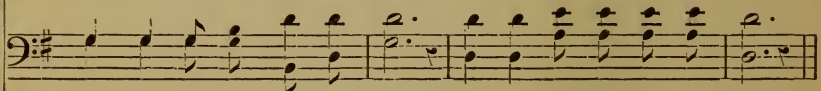


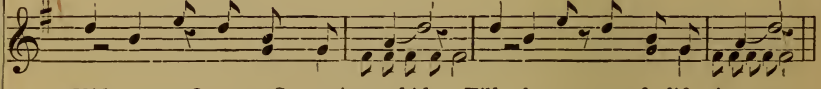
1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee;
3 Thou, O, Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sins—



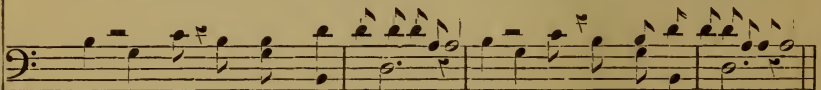


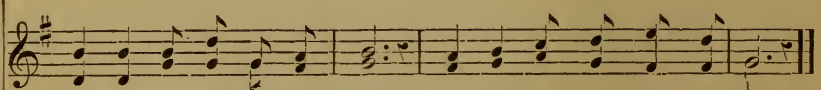
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in;



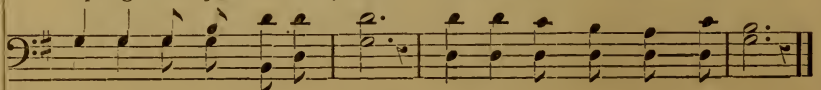


Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring,
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness.
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

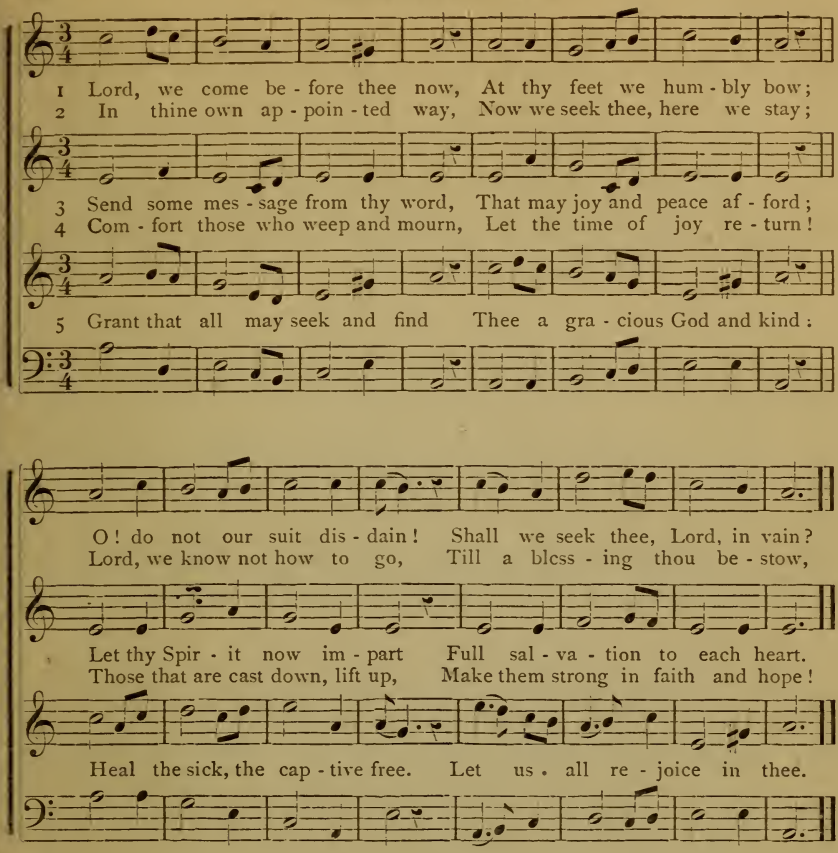




Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last
Co - ver my de - fence - less head With the shad - dow of thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



HUMILITY. 7's.



72 7's.

1 Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest:
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

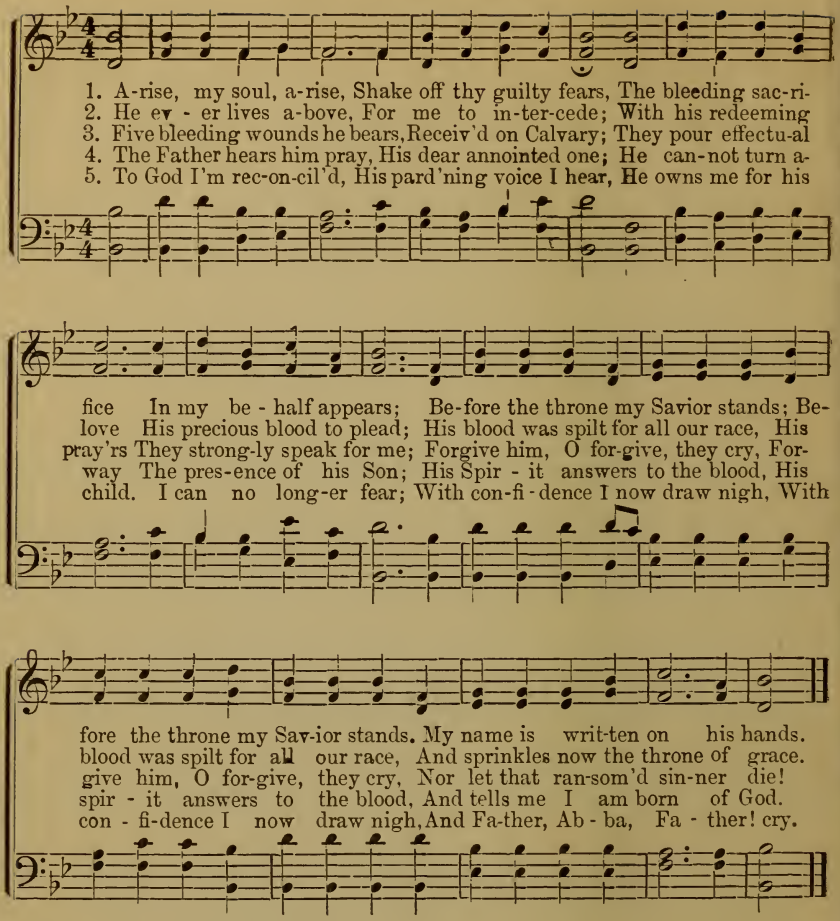
362 7's.

1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet,

4 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.



331

H. M.

1. Ye dying sons of men,
   Immerg'd in sin and woe,
   The gospel's voice attend,
   Which Jesus sent to you;
   Ye perishing and guilty, come,
   In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2. No longer now delay,
   Nor vain excuses frame;
   He bids you come to-day:
   Though poor, and blind, and lame;
   All things are ready; sinner, come;
   For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3. Believe the heav'nly word
   His messengers proclaim;
   He is a gracious Lord,
   And faithful is his name:
   Backsliding souls return and come,
   Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4. Compelled by bleeding love,
   Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near.
   Christ calls you from above.
   His charming accents hear!
   Let whosoever will, now come;
   In mercy's breast there still is room.

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD.

(OPENING PIECE) by permission

They that wait up - on the Lord shall re - new their strength Shall re - new

their strength, They shall run and not be wea - ry they shall run and not

They shall etc. They shall etc.

be wea - ry they shall walk and not faint, they shall walk and not faint,

Wait on the Lord O wait on the Lord, Wait, wait O wait on the Lord.

From Hill's Vocal Voluntaries No. 3, price 6 cts. per number.
Address H. Huck No. 8 Arcade Court Chicago.

158 *Moderato.* **RIPLEY. 8's & 7's.**

Fine.

1 { Come, thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free,
{ From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee!

2 { Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King;
{ Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now thy gra-cious kingdom bring;

𝄢 Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na-tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
By thy all - suf - fic-ient mer - it, Raise us to thy glorious throne.

D. S. 𝄢

Israel's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth thou art,

By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a -lone,

349 8's & 7's.

1 Hark! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come!
Free salvation is proclaiming,
In and through God's own dear Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
Oh, receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore:
May his boundless love constrain us,
His rich mercy to adore;
O then, let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

THE BEACON LIGHT. 8's & 7's.

1 Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer!
2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee, Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
3 Yes, sweet Bi - ble! I will hide thee, Deep, yes, deep - er in this heart;

What hath earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ev - er say'st, "Good cheer!"
Thou, through all my life will guide me, And in death we will not part!

Man was lost and doom'd to sor-row: Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings; Tell how far thy rov - ings led,
Part in death! no, nev - er, nev - er! Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,

Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this!
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Then, in bright - er world, for ev - er, Sweet - er far thy truths shall be.

O the light is flash-ing bright - ly From a calm and stormless shore.

Where we hope to cast our an - chor When our voy - a - ging is o'er.

KENNETT. 8's & 7's.

1 Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same,
2 When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor-row roll,
3 Je - sus wept, and still in glo-ry He can mark each mourner's tear;
4 Je - sus wept! the tear of sorrow Is a leg - a - cy of love:—

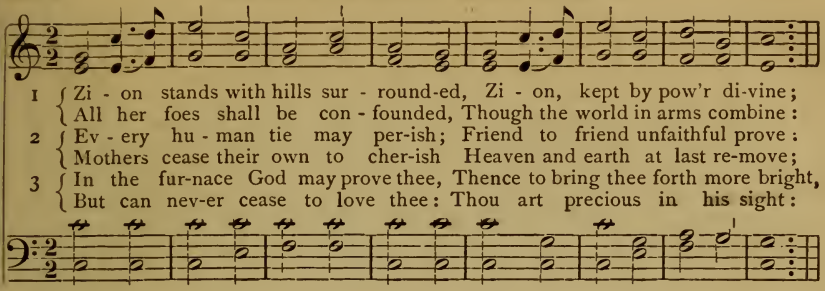
Kinsman, Friend, and El - der Broth - er, Is his ev - er - lasting name.
I will lay my head on Je - sus—Pillow of the troubled soul.
Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he solaced here.
Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same shall ev-er prove.

Sa - viour who can love like thee? Gra-cious one of Beth - an - y!
Tru - ly, none can feel like thee, Weeping one of Beth - an - y!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - an - y!
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing one of Beth - an - y!

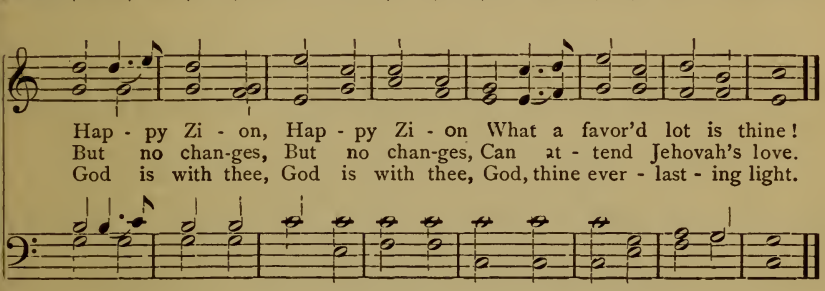
Kins-man, Friend, and El - der Broth - er, Is his ever - last-ing name.
I will lay my head on Je - sus Pil-low of the troubled soul.
Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he solaced here.
Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Amen.

☞ Repeat the third and fourth line of poetry, or sing the Hallelujah.

230 HAPPY ZION. 8's 7's & 4.

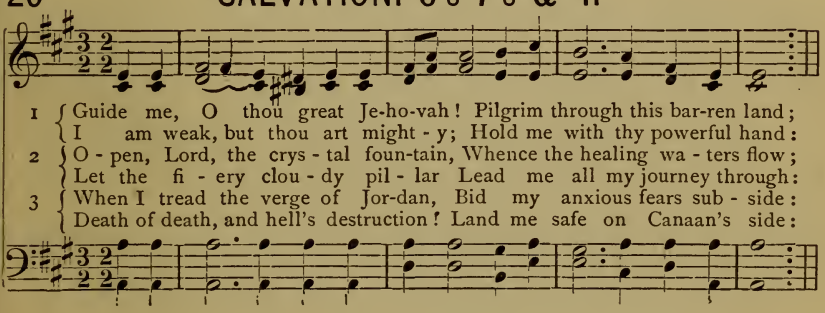


1 Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di-vine;
All her foes shall be con - founded, Though the world in arms combine:
2 Ev - ery hu - man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove:
Mothers cease their own to cher-ish Heaven and earth at last re-move;
3 In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can nev-er cease to love thee: Thou art precious in his sight:

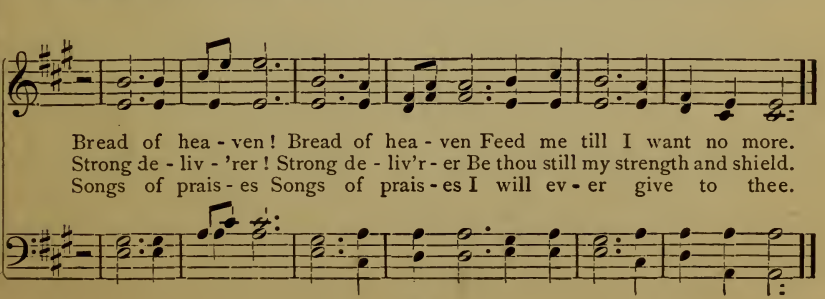


Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on What a favor'd lot is thine!
But no chan-ges, But no chan-ges, Can at - tend Jehovah's love.
God is with thee, God is with thee, God, thine ever - last - ing light.

20 SALVATION. 8's 7's & 4.

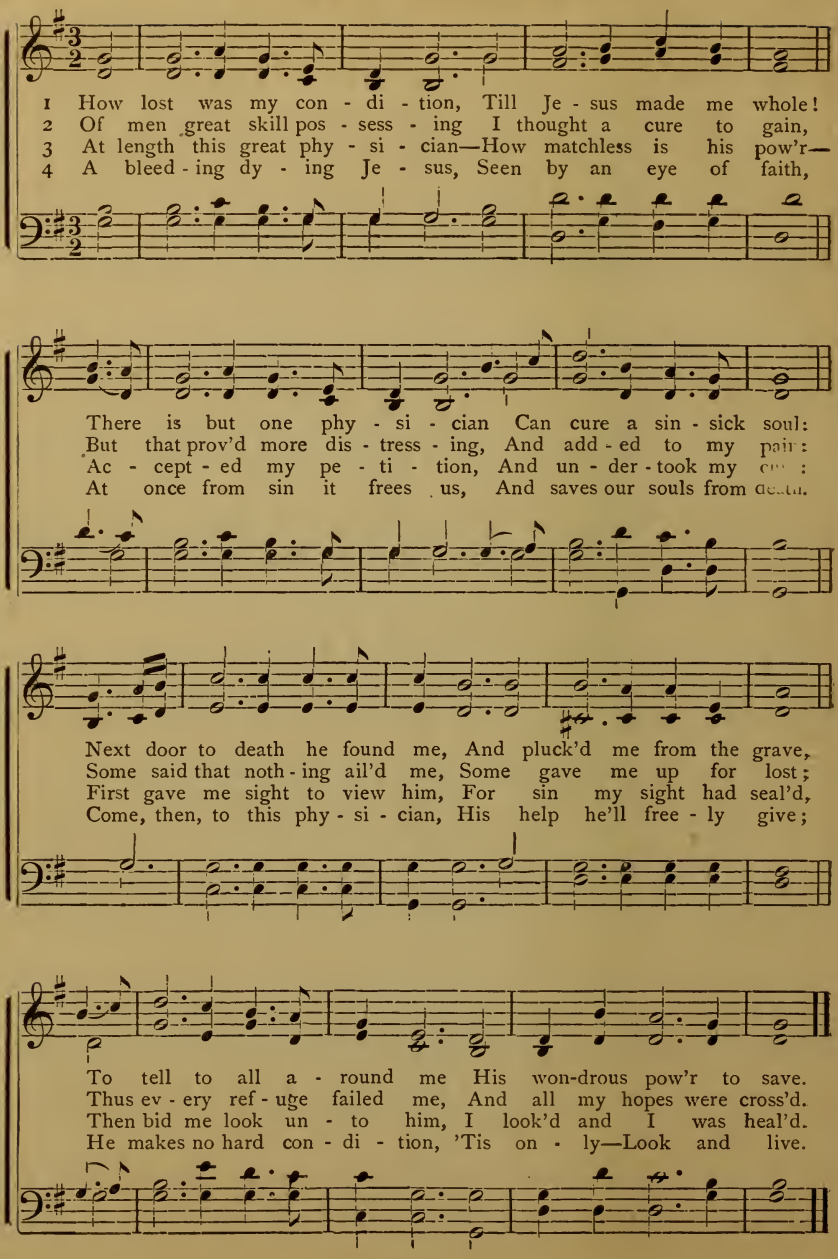


1 Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah! Pilgrim through this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy powerful hand:
2 O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow;
Let the fi - ery clou - dy pil - lar Lead me all my journey through:
3 When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side:
Death of death, and hell's destruction! Land me safe on Canaan's side:

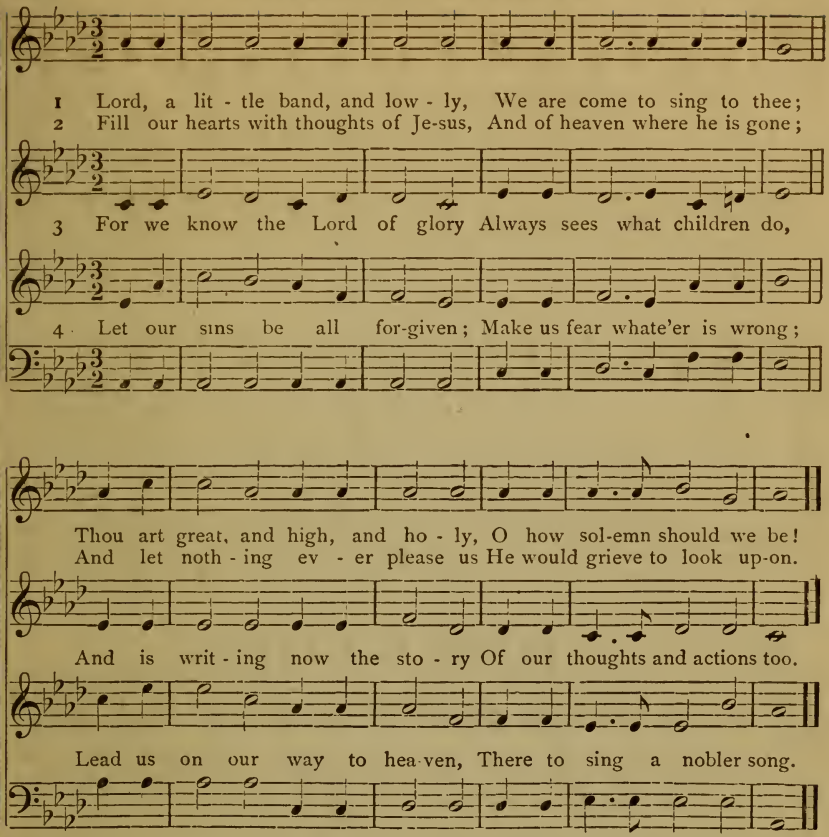


Bread of hea - ven! Bread of hea - ven Feed me till I want no more.
Strong de - liv - 'rer! Strong de - liv'r - er Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

IMMANUEL'S LAND. 7's & 6's.



742 REDEEMER. 8's & 7's.



706 8's & 7's.

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O! the shrouded and the lonely—
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlink'd with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster.
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

740 8's & 7's.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless a little child to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand shall lead me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me
Listen to my evening pray'r.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take me, when I die, to heav'n,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

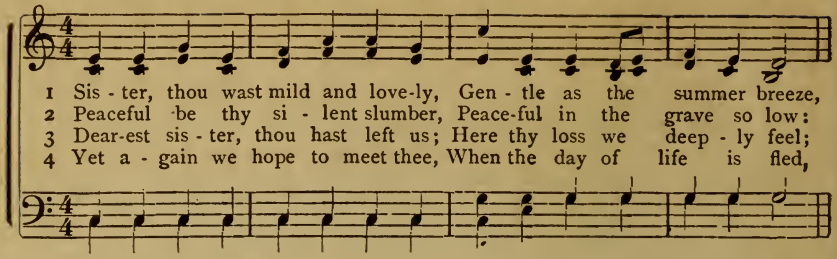
312 8's & 7's.

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

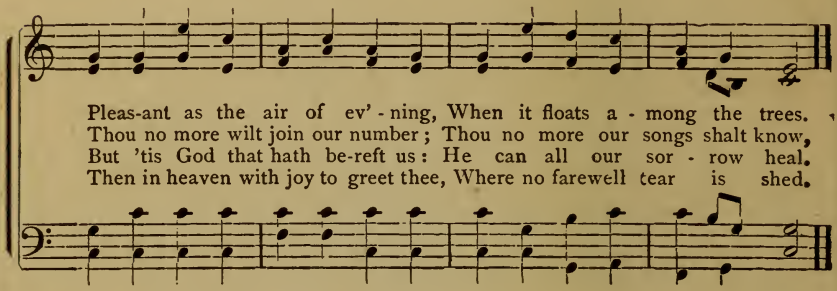
2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

611 *Slow and soft* MOUNT VERNON. 8's & 7's.

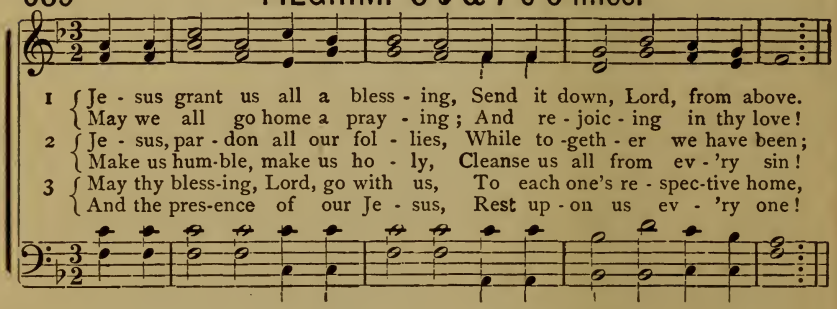


1 Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze,
2 Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peace-ful in the grave so low:
3 Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;
4 Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,

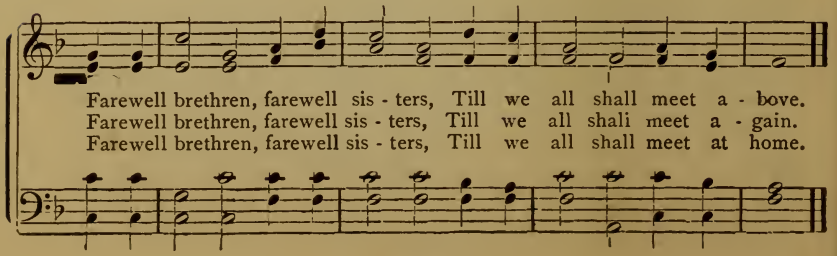


Pleas-ant as the air of ev' - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know,
But 'tis God that hath be-reft us: He can all our sor - row heal.
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

689 PILGRIM. 8's & 7's 6 lines.

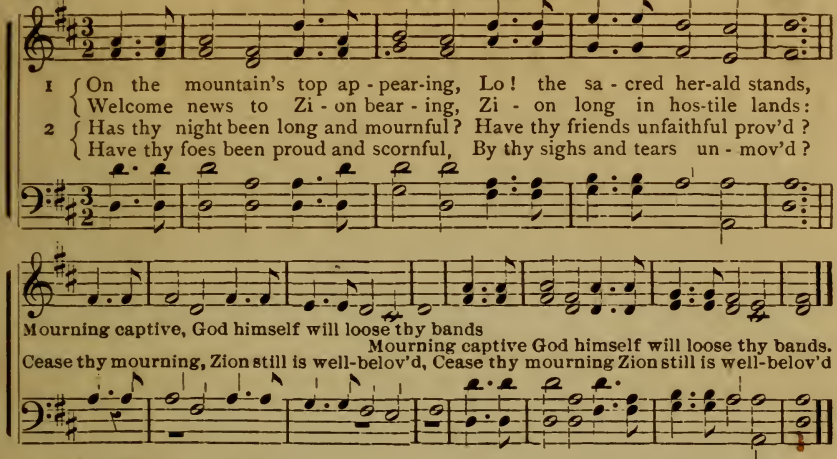


1 { Je - sus grant us all a bless - ing, Send it down, Lord, from above.
{ May we all go home a pray - ing; And re - joic - ing in thy love!
2 { Je - sus, par - don all our fol - lies, While to -geth - er we have been;
{ Make us hum-ble, make us ho - ly, Cleanse us all from ev - 'ry sin!
3 { May thy bless-ing, Lord, go with us, To each one's re - spec-tive home,
{ And the pres-ence of our Je - sus, Rest up - on us ev - 'ry one!



Farewell brethren, farewell sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a - bove.
Farewell brethren, farewell sis - ters, Till we all shali meet a - gain.
Farewell brethren, farewell sis - ters, Till we all shall meet at home.

218 ZION. 8's 7's & 4.



3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end,
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

287 8's 7's & 4.

1 To the flowing stream of Jordan
Lo! the King of Zion came;
There the ancient Baptist waited,
To immerse the spotless Lamb:
They desecended
To the Saviour's wat'ry tomb.

2 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer
Show'd the way his saints should tread,
And, when rising from the water,
God approv'd and blest the deed,
And the Spirit
Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Saviour,
Fear not now to own your Lord,
Joyful tho'the world should scorn you,
Follow Christ, obey his word:
He'll defend you—
Fear ye not to follow him!

4 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
From his glorious throne above—
Ye who trust in me for pardon,
By obedience show your love
Be baptized,
My example shows the way.

5 Lord, our heart incline to follow
In the way which thou didst tread;
We will turn from ev'ry other,
While thy sacred word we read:
O, Redeemer!
Gladly now we'll follow thee.

314 8's 7s's & 4.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the earth asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessing without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promis'd
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name—
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

49 OLNEY. 8's & 7's.

Fine.

1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchang-ing love.

2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm come:
And I hope by thy good pleasure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
He, to save my soul from danger, In - ter - posed his prec - ious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it: Seal it from thy courts a - bove.

D.S.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God:
Prone to wan - der, Lord I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love:

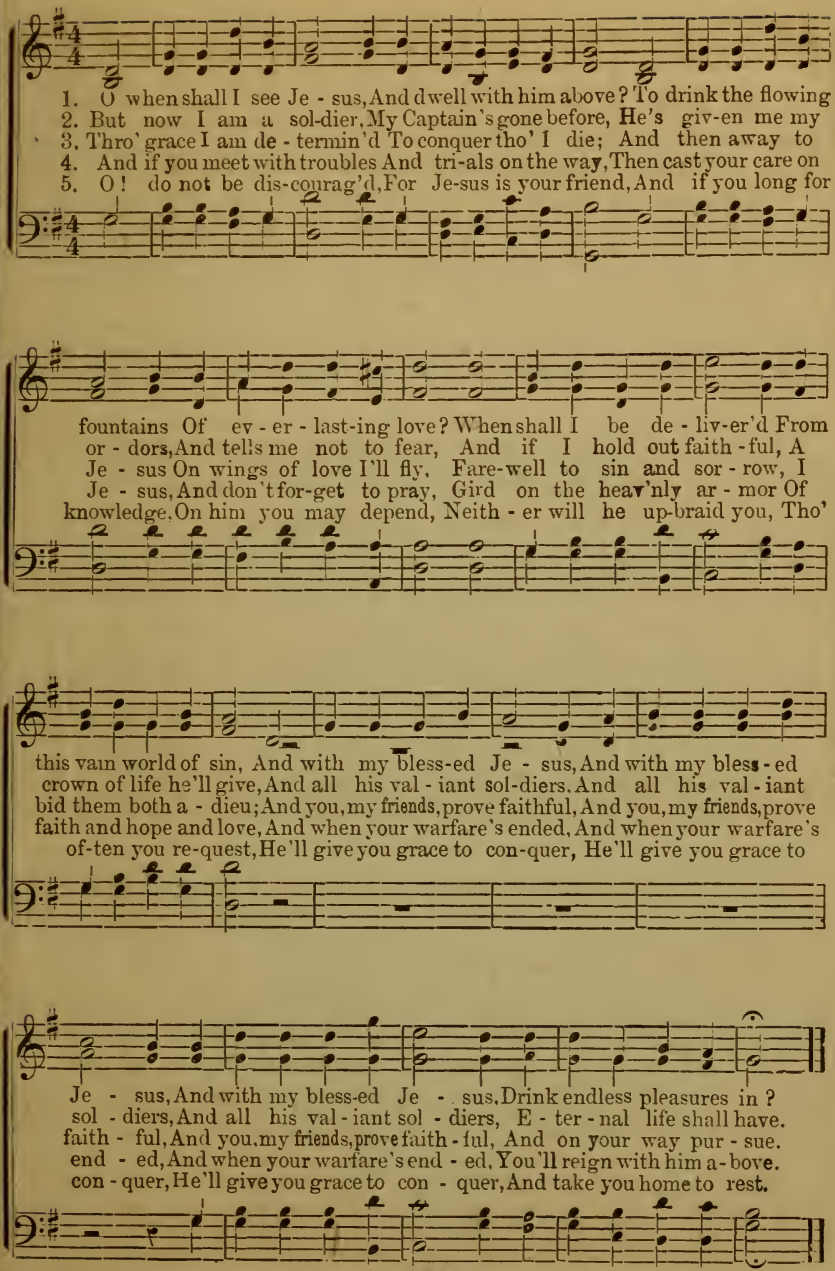
427 8's. **Tune on opposite Page.**

1 Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine:
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on the crucified Lord;
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit in Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of the flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thine heart.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s,



IOWA. 8s.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so
2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls deck'd with

3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp-

4. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the
5. O, Lord, amidst glad - ness or woe, For heav - en our

bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed, But
jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and pleasures un - told, But

ta - tion and care; From tri - als with - out and with - in, But

glo - ri - fied wear, The church of the first - born a - bove, But
spir - its pre - pare, And short - ly we al - so shall know, And

what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.
what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.

what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.

what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.
feel what it is to be there. And feel what it is to be there.

SCOTLAND. 12s.

Slowly and tenderly.

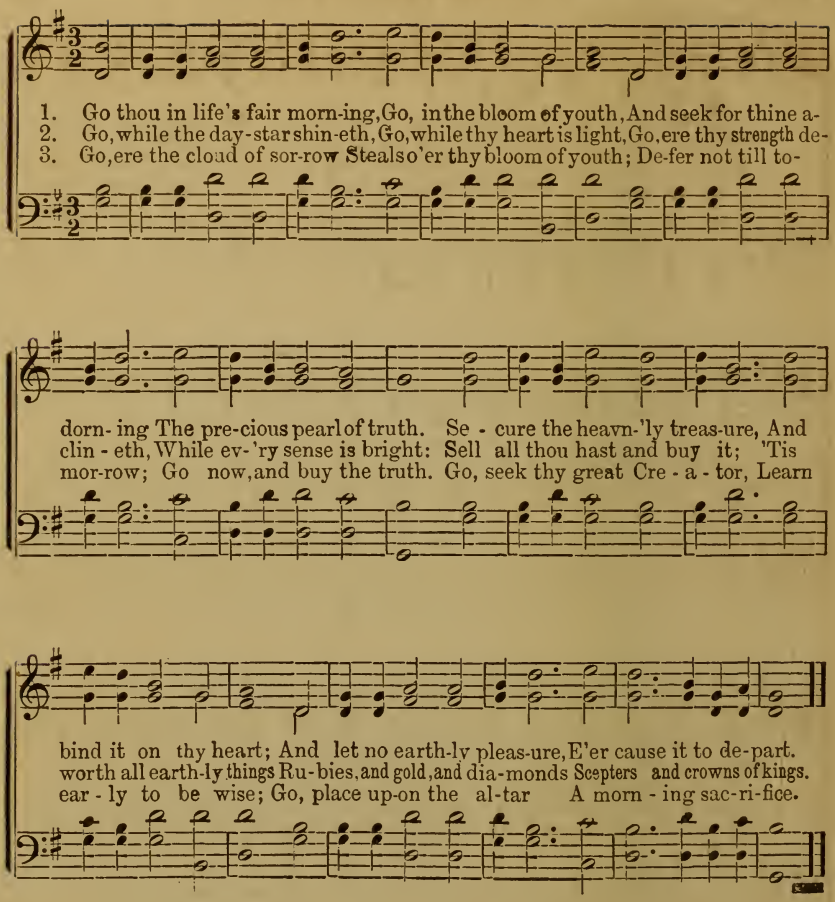
1. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Though
2. Thou art gone to the grave! we no long - er be - hold thee, Nor
3. Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man-sions for - sak - ing, What
4. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, For

sor-rows and dark-ness en - com - pass the tomb; The Sav - ior hath
tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms
though thy weak spir - it in fear ling-ered long; The sun-shine of
God was thy ran-som, thy Guardian and Guide; He gave thee, he

pass'd thro' its por - tals be - fore thee. And the lamp of his love is thy
of mercy are spread to en - fold thee, And sin-ners may die, for the
par - a - dise beam'd on thy waking, And the sound which thou hearest is the
took thee, and he will re - store thee; And death hath no sting, for the

guide thro' the gloom. And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
Sin-less hath died. And sin-ners may die, for the Sin - less hath died.
Ser - a-phim's song. And the sound which thou hearest is the Ser - a-phim's song.
Sav - ior hath died. And death hath no sting, for the Sav - ior hath died.

738 THE ANGEL'S CALL. 7s & 6s.



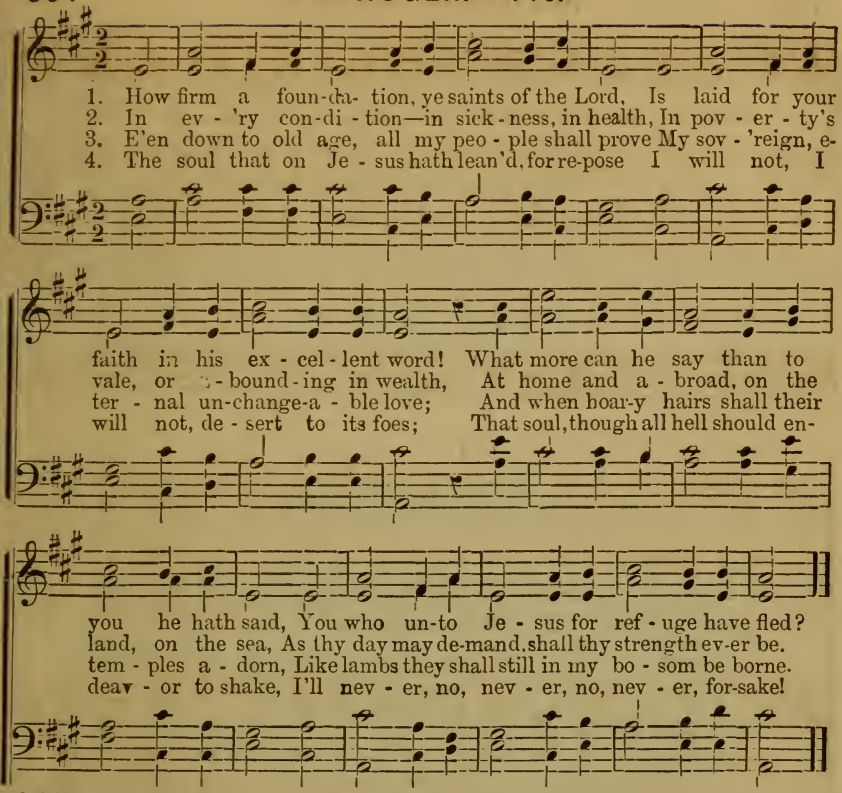
125 7s & 6s.

1. O, when the tear is gushing
   From sorrow's faded eye,
   When gathering storms are rushing
   Across the gloomy sky,
   When the full heart is breaking,
   And hope is far away,
   How sweet, the world forsaking,
   Alone with God, to pray!

2. The mourner, lowly bending,
   Flies to the saviour's feet,
   And healing balm, descending
   From Mercy's holy seat,
   The joy, that earth gives never,
   Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
   And peace that lasts forever,
   Lulls every care to rest.

3. O, weary child of sadness,
   Pilgrim bereft and lone,
   Behold the fount of gladness,
   Springing from heavn's throne;
   Each want and sin confessing,
   On Christ thy burden lay,
   And learn how rich the blessing,
   Alone with God to pray!

391 HUGER. 11s.



643 11s.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2. I would not live alway, if fetter'd by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
And th' rapture of pardon be mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4. Who, who would not live alway away from his God
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And th' smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

1. Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee..... E'en though it

2. Though like the wan-der-er, Day - light all gone... Dark - ness be

3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my songs shall be

o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be

send - est me, In mer-cy giv'n, An - gels to beck - on me

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

UNITY. 6s & 5s.

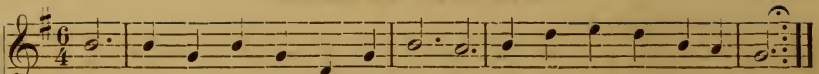
With tender expression.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re-pose, Safe friend-ship glow Change-less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les-tial thrill, Where there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er, Where kindred spir - its dwell, There from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!

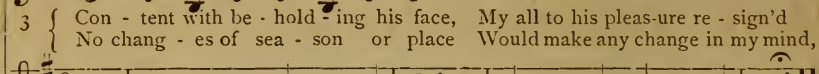
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never!

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior; May we all may our mu-sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Never, no, never!

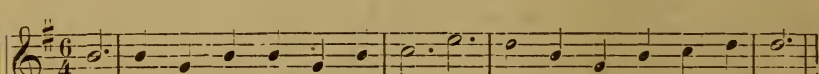
GREENFIELDS. 8's.



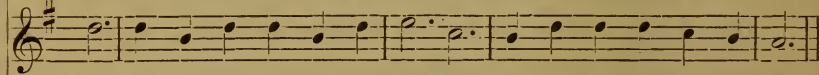
1 { How te - dious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweetness to me
2 { His name yields the sweetest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice:
His pre-sence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice;



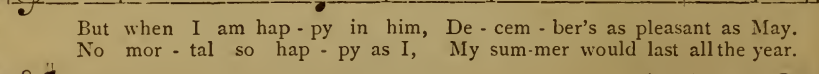
3 { Con - tent with be - hold - ing his face, My all to his pleas-ure re - sign'd
No chang - es of sea - son or place Would make any change in my mind,



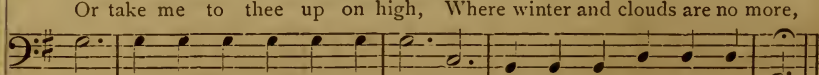
4 { Dear Lord, if in - deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I lan - guish or pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay:
I should were he 'al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;



While bless'd with a sense of his love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear,



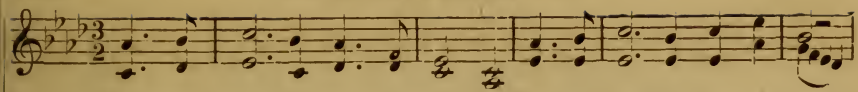
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

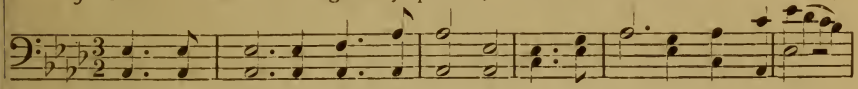
And pris-ons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

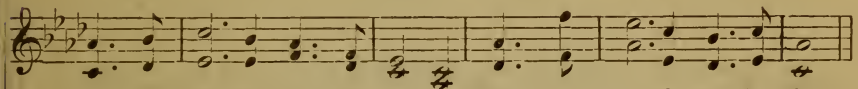
Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more,

AUTUMN. 8's & 7's.

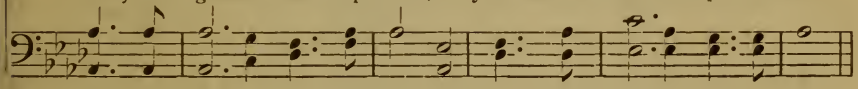


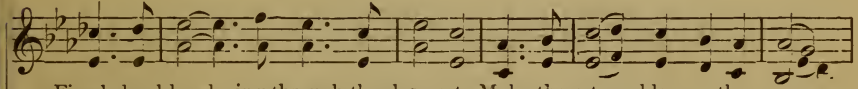
1 Dark and thorn - y is the des - ert, Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
2 O young pil - grims, are you wear - y Of the roughness of the way?
3 He whose thunder shakes cre - a - tion, He who bids the plan - ets roll,
4 There on flow'ry hills of plea - sure, Lie the fields of end - less rest:
5 O their crowns! how bright they spar-kle, Such as mon-archs nev - er wore,



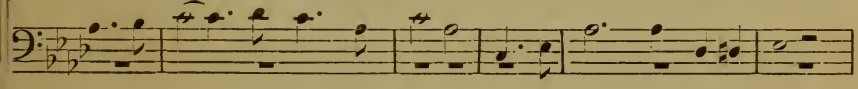


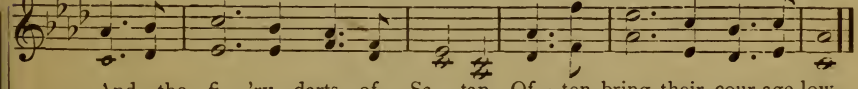
Yet be - yond this vale of sor - row, Lie the fields of end - less day.
Does your strength be-gin to fail you, And your vig - or to de - cay?
He who rides up-on the tem - pest, And whose scep-tre sways the whole;
Love and joy and peace for ev - er, Reign and tri - umph in your breast;
They are gone to rich - er pastures, Je - sus is their Shep-herd there.



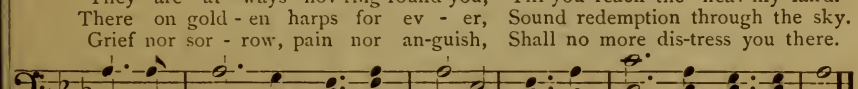


Fiends loud howl - ing through the des - ert, Make them trem-ble as they go;
Je - sus, Je - sus will go with you, He will lead you to his throne;
Round him are ten thou - sand angels Read - y to o - bey com - mand,
Who can paint the scenes of glo - ry, Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Hail ye hap - py, hap - py spir - its, Death no more shall make you fear,





And the fi - 'ry darts of Sa - tan Of - ten bring their cour-age low.
He who dy'd his gar-ments for you, And the wine-press trod a - lone.
They are al - ways hov'ring round you, Till you reach the heav'nly land.
There on gold - en harps for ev - er, Sound redemption through the sky.
Grief nor sor - row, pain nor an-guish, Shall no more dis-tress you there.



HUNTER 8's.

1 This God is the God we a - dore, Our faithful, unchangeable friend;

2 'Tis Je - sus the first and the last, Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.

Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And neither knows measure nor end.

We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Tenderly. (Funeral Dirge.) H.

1. Je-sus while our hearts are bleed-ing, O'er the spoils which death hath won,
2. Tho' cast down we're not for-sak-en, Though af - fict - ed not a - lone;
3. By thy hands the boon was giv-en, Thou hast tak - en but thine own;

We would at this sol - emn meet-ing Cam - ly say thy will be done.
Thou didst give, and thou hast tak - en: Bless-ed Lord—thy will be done,
Lord of earth, and God of hea - ven, Ev - er - more—thy will be done!

CHILDREN OF GOD.

M. E. Servoss. Heb. iv. 9. P. W. Hill.

To the chil - dren of God there re - main - eth a rest, Where none are af-
Tho' our night may be dark and our skies o - ver-cast We'll think of the
Then with hearts full of glad - ness we'll jonr-ney a - long, Tho' weak, in His

flic - ted and none are op-press'd, And the earth-wea-ry trav'ler who en - ters that
glo - ry which com-ing at last Shall dis - pel ev - ery gloom till our mid-night shall
strength we will gird and be strong And though sin be our neigh - bor and pain be our

Chorus.

land May dis - cern in past tri- als a Fath-er's kind hand. When we think of the
shine Like the morn in the light of that ra-di - ance divine.
guest, T'will but make us re-joice in the sure com ing rest.

When we think when we think of the

glo - ry a - wait-ing us there, Oh how can we re-pine at earth's tri - als and care.

glory the glory awaiting Oh how can we how ean we re-pine at
awaiting us there. earth's trials and care.

THEY ARE WATCHING.

M. E. Servoss. H.

1 Like the lil - y of the val - ley, In their beau - ty pure and sweet,
2 Eyes of loved ones watch-ing o'er us, Si - lent - ly their vig - ils keep,
3 Oh the glo - ry of that meet - ing! Ev - 'ry heart in sweet ac - cord,

Are the loved ones who are wait - ing For the com - ing of our feet,
See - ing all the joy be - fore us, While o'er pres - ent pain we weep,
And all earth - ly pain for - got - ten In the pres - ence of the Lord

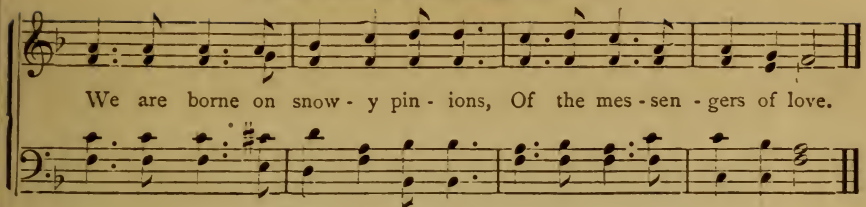
Duet.

And my heart is thrilled with rap - ture, When I think that an-y day.
Know - ing that if we keep trust - ing Through the dark and drear-y night
Lift your heads, O wea - ry trav - 'lers, Look be - yond this rug-ged way

I may clasp the hands of dear ones, Just a - cross the si - lent way.
There shall be a glo - rious dawn - ing In the land of fade - less light.
And for - get your toil and an - guish In the thought of that great day.

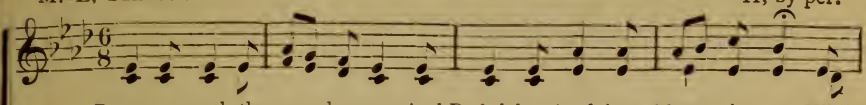
CHORUS.

They are watch - ing, they are wait - ing Till up to the realms a - bove

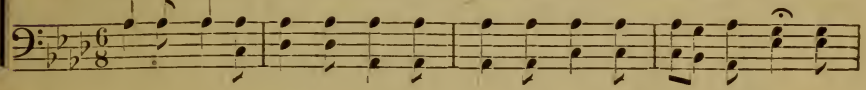


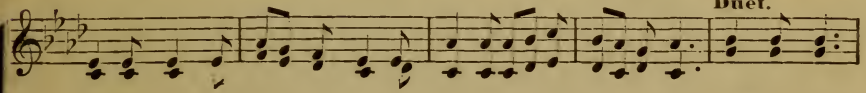
SONG OF PEACE. (Christmas Song)

M. E. Servoss. H, by per.

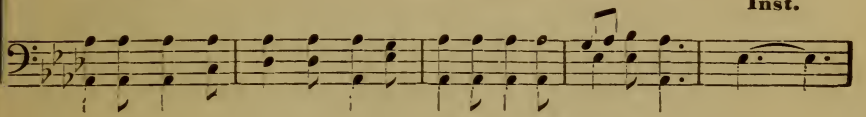


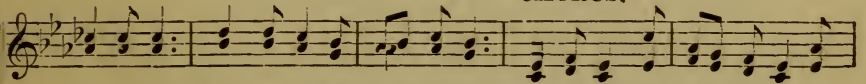
1. Peace on earth the an-gels sang, And Beth-lehem's plains with mu-sic rang, While
2. Peace on earth the chil-dren sang, And Christmas bells with glad-ness rang, While
3. Peace on earth the Lord doth bring, Fit theme for an - gel tongues to sing, Let
4. Peace on earth, oh let the song, As - cend from all earth's migh-ty throng, Till



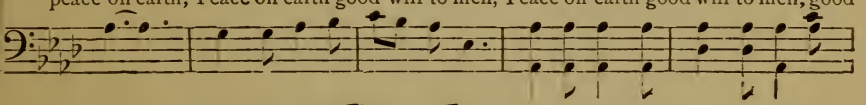


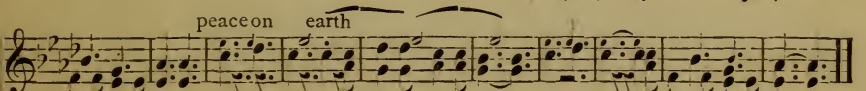
Ju-dah's hill caught up the strain, And told it o'er and o'er a-gain. Peace on earth
far and near o'er hill and plain, We hear the glo-rious words a-gain.
ev-ery voice take up the strain, And sing the joy-ous words a-gain.
an-gels sing an - oth-er strain, Pro-claim-ing He hath come to reign.



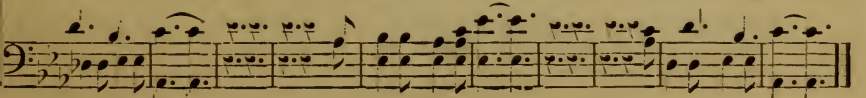


peace on earth, Peace on earth good will to men, Peace on earth good will to men, good





will to men, peace on earth good will good will to men, peace on earth good will to men.



good will good will to men

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

"In the Lord put I my trust." Ps. II. 1. H.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - ery day, Trust - ing thro' a stor - my way
2. Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by
3. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past.

Trust - ing when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.
Trust - ing him what e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.

CHORUS.

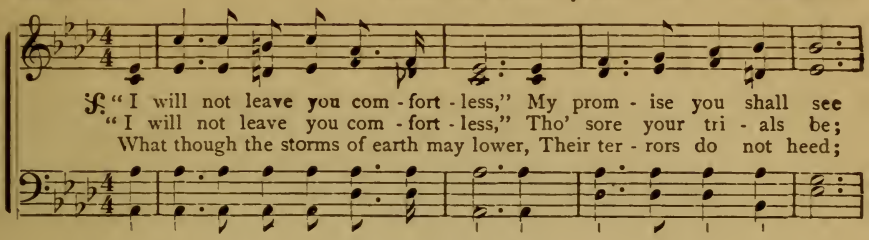
Trust - ing Je - sus trust - ing Je - sus, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all,

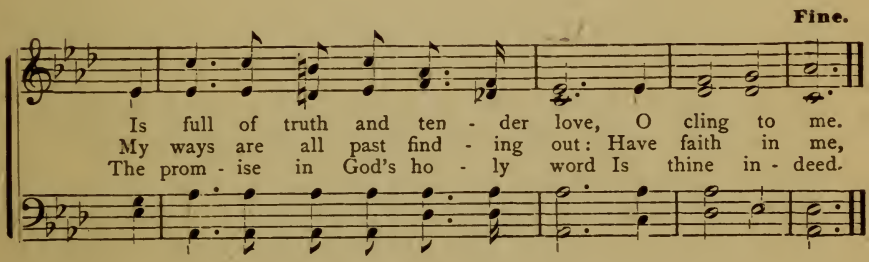
Trust-ing Je-sus

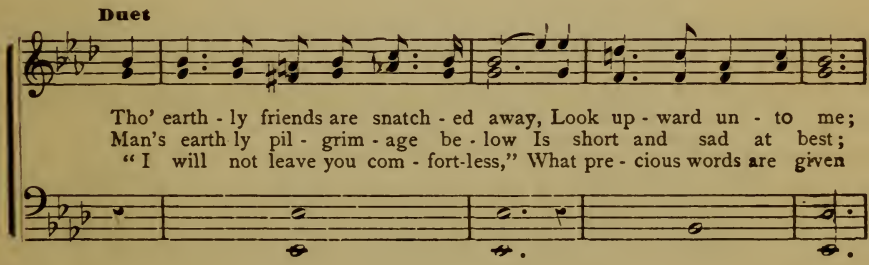
To His pro - mis - es I'll cling, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.

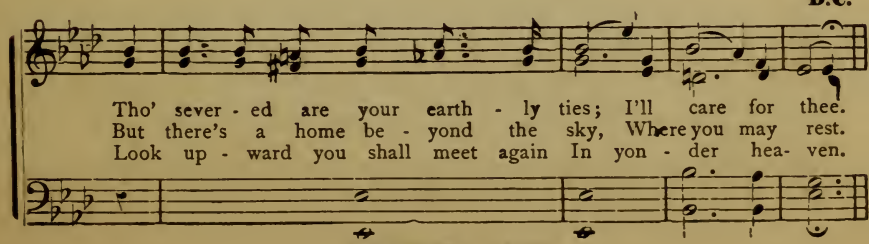
I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS.

For Funerals. Words and Music by MRS. GEO. CLINTON SMITH









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COME HOME. 7s.

1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear, Foes we have but
2. In the way a thousand snares, Lie to take us un - awares, Sa - tan with ma-
3. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mislead our feet, Nor be-tray us

we've a friend, One that loves us to the end; Forward, then, with courage go,
lic - ious art, Watches each unguarded heart, But from Satan's mal-ice free,
in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell within, Yet let nothing spoil your peace,

Long we shall not dwell below, Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your father
Saints shall soon in glo - ry be, Soon, etc.
Christ shall al - so conquer these, Soon, etc.

Come home..... come home.....

calls, Come home, Come home, come home, come home, come home, Thy fath-er calls, come

COME HOME--Concluded.

home..... come home..... come home....

home, come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, Thy father calls, Come home.

OVER THERE.

1. I can see be-yond the riv - er, O - ver Jor-dan's dash-ing tide,
2. O - ver there is no more weeping, O - ver there all pain is o'er,
3. O - ver there is no more sin-ning, O - ver there are sun - ny skies,
4. O - ver there I'll find my treas-ure, Jew-els lost long, long a - go,
5. O - ver there are all im - mor-tal, O - ver there is no more night,
6. Will you go, dear sin - uer, with me, Where the Lamb will ev - er reign,

There I'll be with Christ for-ev - er, Close to his sa - cred side.
I shall rest in Je - sus' keep-ing, And droop and die no more.
Crowns of fade - less beau - ty win-ning, And flowers of Par - a - dise.
Love and bliss in full - est measure, There my sad heart shall know.
And the Cit - y's pearl - y port - als Is now al-most in sight-
Where the lov'd of earth shall greet thee, And nev - er part a - gain.

O - ver there, o - ver there; Just o - ver there.

GREENVILLE. P. M.

Fine.

1 Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless-ing; Bid us now de - part in peace;
D.C. When we reach our bliss - ful sta-tion, Then we'll give thee no-bler praise.

Still on heaven - ly man - na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.

D. C.

Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise:

341.

Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you.
Full of pity love and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y, that I love.

2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in white,

3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev-'ry brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquer-ors show,

4. Beau-ti-ful throne of Christ our king, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels sing,

Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple God its light,

Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps through all the choir,

Beau-ti-ful robes the ran-som'd wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there,

Beau-ti-ful rest all wan-d'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home in per-fect peace,

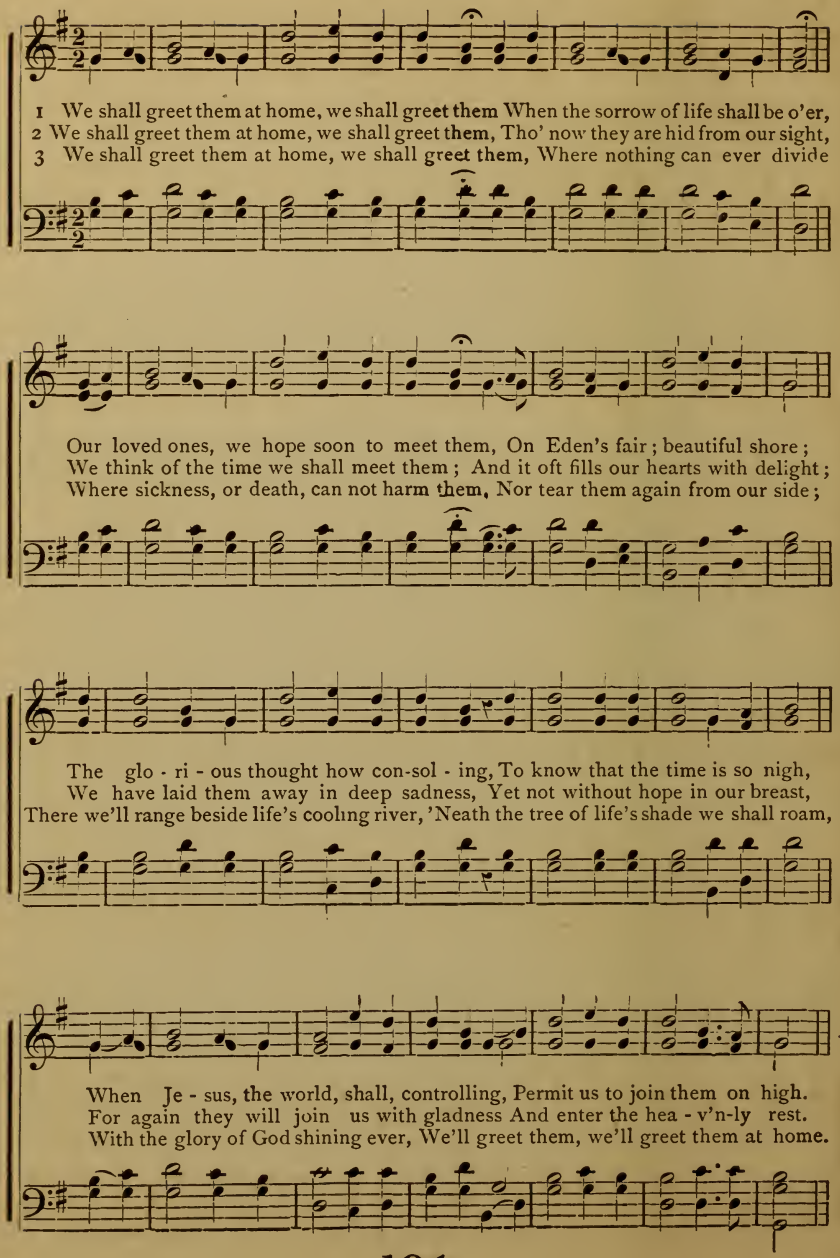
He who was slain on cal - va - ry, O-pens those pearl-y gates to me.

There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Wor-ship-ing at the Sav-iour's feet.

Thith-er I press with eag-er fect, There shall my rest be long and sweet.

There shall my eyes the Sav-iour see, Haste to this heavn'ly home with me.

773 *Not too fast.* **EDEN'S SHORE. P. M.** D. F. EBY.



THE STAR OF HOPE.

M. E. Servoss. F. L. Armstrong.

Firmly.

The star of hope has ris - en For millions doomed to die, And from the gray hor-i-zon,
O slaves of drink, He calleth, And bids you seek his grace, That as a Friend and Brother
The star of hope has risen, Let every heart rejoice! And in one glad hosanna

A - scends the vaulted sky: O hearts grown weary watching, For rescue from the grave,
You may behold his face; Your shackles shall be broken, And, by God's powerful hand,
Be lifted every voice. And tell the dying millions, That Jesus, by his might,

Chorus.

Look up! sal-va-tion cometh, The Lord, the Lord can save. The star of hope has
The enemy be vanquished And driven from our land.
Can save the vilest drunkard That Bacchus doth benight.

ris-en, And shineth from on high, Let every soul be waiting, Redemption draweth nigh.

SWELL THE BATTLE CRY.

M. E. Servoss. Geo. C. Hugg.

Spirited.

1. The Chris-tian ar-my stands ar-rayed For du - ty on the bat - tle field, Firm,
2. For want and ru-in through our land The en - e-my hath scat-tered wide, And
3. We'll scale the bat-tle-ments of sin And force the mon-ster from his throne, And

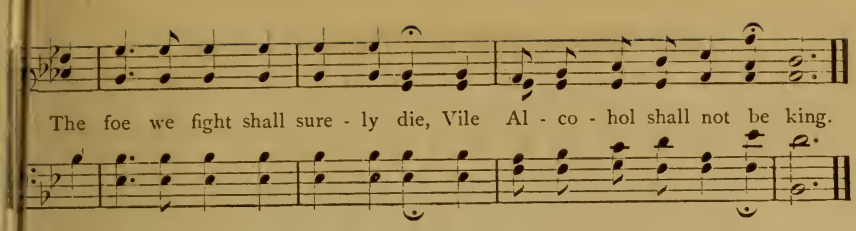
brave, and ev - er un - dis - mayed, Gone forth to con-quer, not to yield;
crime and death go hand in hand, To seek the homes they may di - vide;
peace and joy shall en - ter in Where on - ly sor - row hath been known,

And Christ, their Cap-tain, leads them on The en - e - my to o-ver-throw,
While young and old on ab - ject knee, Bow down be-fore this king of woe;
And wea - ry hearts shall find a rest And sad-faced chil-dren learn to smile,

Through him the bat - tle shall be won, And right shall rule in - stead of woe.
But God who gives the vic - to - ry Will bring the cru - el ty - rant low.
Their homes with in - no - cence be blest, Where now dwells Al-co - hol the vile.

Chorus.

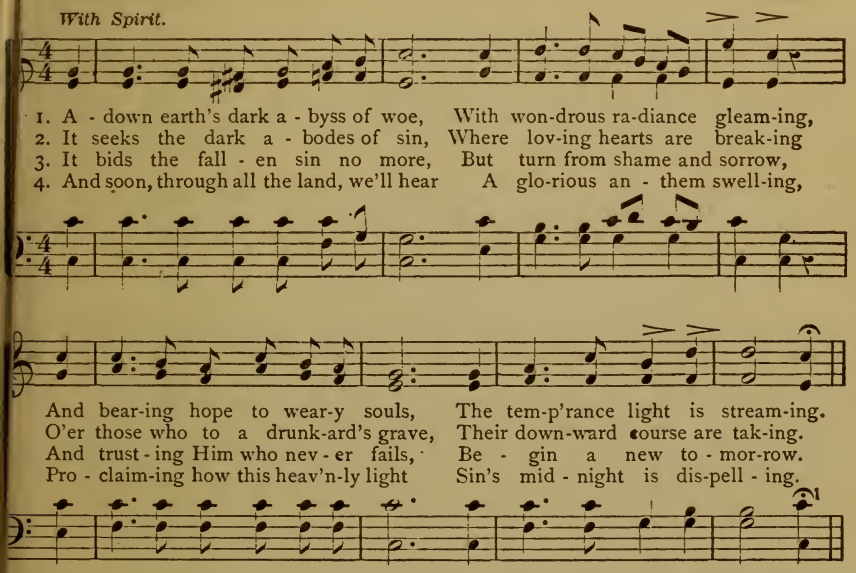
Then swell the glo - rious bat - tle - cry Till heaven's blue vaults with ech - oes ring,



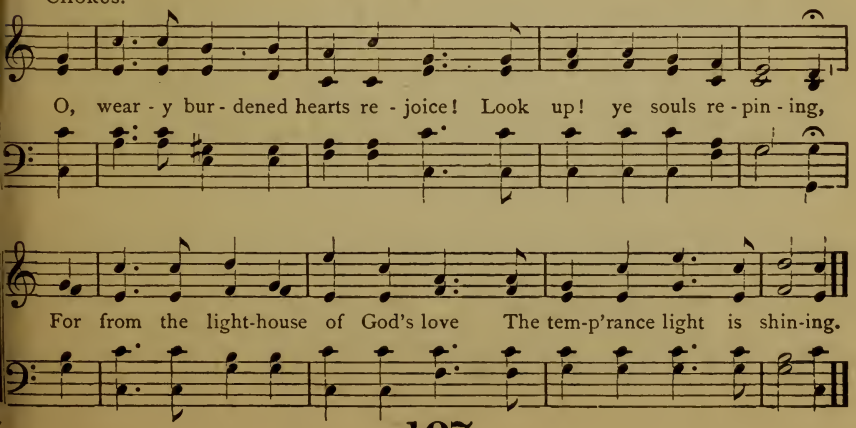
TEMPERANCE LIGHT.

M. E. Servoss. Geo. C. Hugg.

With Spirit.

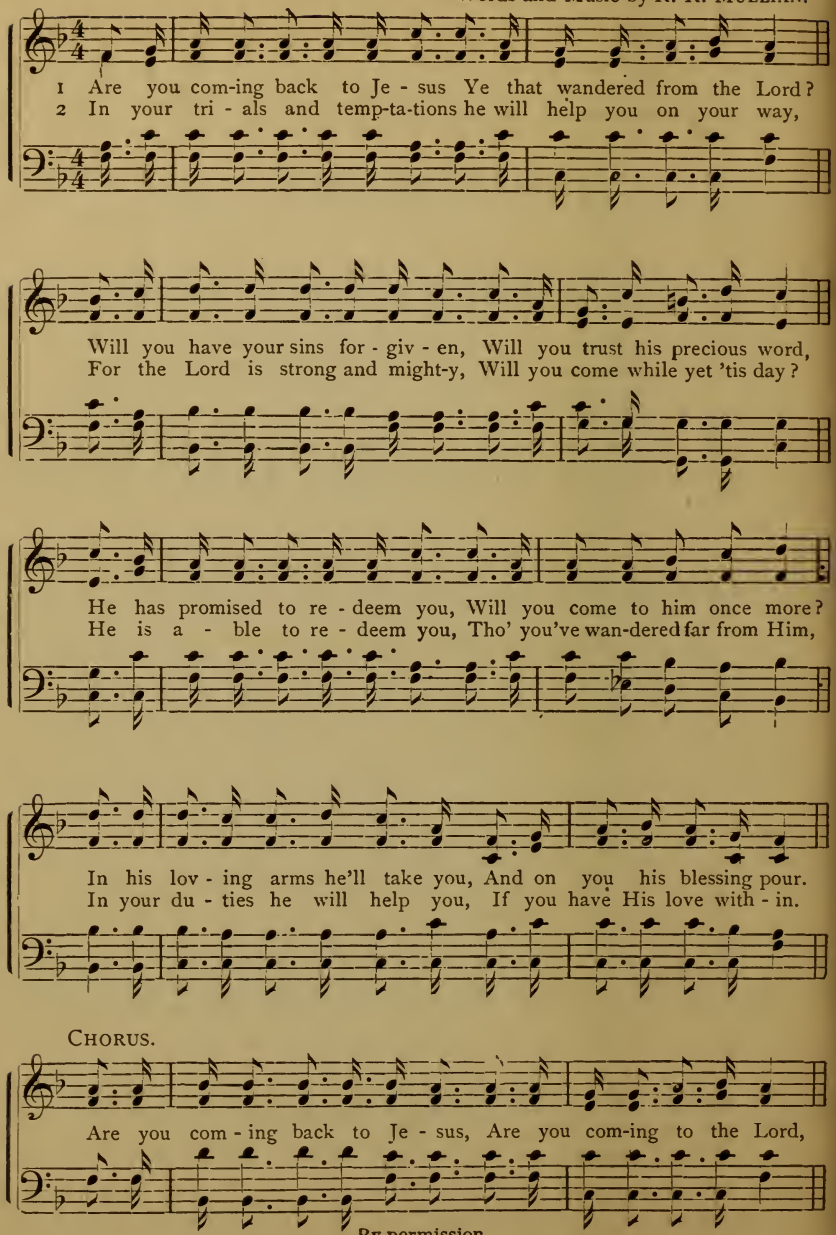


Chorus.



ARE YOU COMING BACK TO JESUS?

Words and Music by R. R. MULLIAN.



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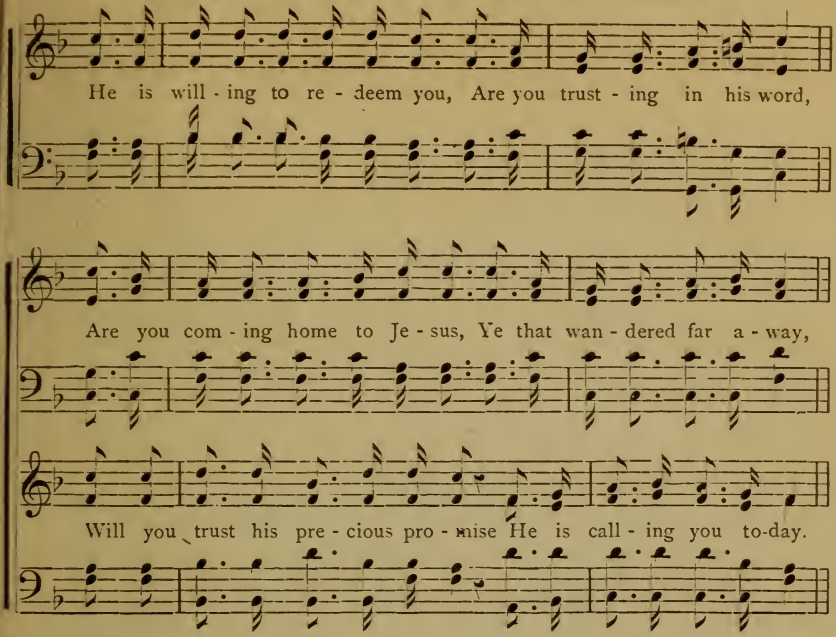
Are you Coming Back to Jesus.--Concluded.



INDEX to 1st lines.

A.

A charge to keep I have, - - 61
Adown earth's dark abyss of woe, - 107
A few more years shall roll, - - 69
Alas and did my Saviour bleed, - 25
All hail the power of Jesus' name, - 47
Am I a soldier of the cross, - 44
And let this feeble body fail, - 56
And must this body die? - - 63
And must I be to judgment brought? 23
A mother may forgetful be - - 41
Are you coming back to Jesus - - 109
Arise, my soul, arise - - - 74
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, - 13
A sweetly solemn thought - - - - 63
Awake my soul, in loyful lays, - - 18

B.

Beautiful Zion built above - - 103
Before Jehovah's awful throne, - - 16
Behold a stranger at the door, - - 12
Behold the western ev'ning light! - 57
Behold the sure foundation stone, - - 55
Blest be the dear uniting love - - 37
Bless be my God that I was born - - 21
Bless, O my soul, the living God, - 4
Blest hour when mortal man retires - 7
Blest is the man who shuns - - - 52
Blessed Bible how I love it! - - - 77
Brethren, while we sojourn here - - 100
Broad is the road that leads to death 10

C.

Children of the heavenly King - - 73

Come heav'nly love inspire my song - 27
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove - 27
Come Holy Spirit, Dove Divine, - 5
Come let us all unite to praise - - 22
Come, sound his praise abroad, - - 60
Come thou fount of every blessing - 84
Come thou long expected Jesus, - - 76
Come worship at Immanuel's feet - 5
Come ye that know and fear the Lord 27
Come ye sinners, poor and needy - 102
Come ye that love the Lord - - - 66

D.

Dangers stand thick through all - - 33
Dark and stormy is the desert - - 93
Dear Lord how wondrous is thy love 6
Depth of mercy! can there be - - 73
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, - - 65
Dismiss us from the house of prayer - 20

E.

Early my God, without delay - - - 36

F.

Far as thy name is known - - - - 60
Farewell vain world, I'm going home 7
Father, I stretch my hands to thee - 32
For Zion's sake, I will not rest - - 28
From all that's mortal, all that's vain 55
From all who dwell below the skies 20
From the table now retiring - - - 81
From every stormy wind that blows - 14

G.

God is the fountain whence - - - 65
God moves in a mysterious way - - 37
Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord 17
Go thou in life's fair morning- - - 88
Go to thy rest, fair child! - - - - 63
Go with thy servant Lord - - - - 64
Great God how infinite art thou - - 21
Great God indulge my humble claim - 4
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah - 79

H.

Hail sweetest dearest tie that binds - 46
Happy is he whose early years - - 56
Hark from the tomb a doleful sound 29
Hark the jubilee is sounding - 76
Hark the voice of love and mercy - 83
Hear what the voice from heaven - 29
He dies, the friend of sinners dies - 11
Holy and rev'rend is the name - - 55
How beauteous are their feet - - 71
How did my heart rejoice to hear - 46
How firm a foundation ye saints - 89
How lost was my condition - - - 80
How pleasant, how divinely fair - - 17
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds 35
How tedious and tasteless the hours - 92

I.

I am, saith Christ, the way - - - 64
I can see beyond the river - - - 101
I love thy kingdom, Lord - - - - 66
I love to steal a while away - - - 30
I want a heart to pray, - - - - - 65
I will not leave you comfortless - - 99
I would not live alway - - - - - 89
If I must die, O let me die - - - - 29
I'll give the mourner, saith the Lord 24
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord - 37
In all my vast concerns with thee - 21
Indulgent God of love and power - 11
In mercy Lord remember me - - - 34
In memory of the Saviour's love - - 57
In this lone hour of deep distress - 13
In thy great name O Lord we come - 28
It is the hour of prayer - - - - - 67

J.

Jesus grant us all a blessing - - - - 82
Jesus, lover of my soul, - - - - 72
Jesus my all to heaven is gone - - 15
Jesus tender Shepherd hear me - - 81
Jesus the name I love so well - - 31
Jesus thou art the sinner's friend - 33
Jesus wept! those tears are over, - 78
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding - 94
Joy is a fruit that will not grow - - 49
Joy to the world the Lord has come - 38

L.

Let the joyful news be sounded - - 108
Life is the time to serve the Lord - 9
Like Noah's weary dove - - - 65
Like the lily of the valley - - - 96
Lord a little band and lowly - - - 81
Lord at this closing hour - - - 64
Lord at thy sacred feet - - - 60
Lord bless thy saints assembled here - 11

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing - 102
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear - 53
Lord in thy presence here we meet - 34
Lord teach thy servants how to pray - 32
Lord thou hast been our dwelling-place 59
Lord we come before thee now - 73
Lo what an entertaining sight - 28

M.

Meekly in Jordan's holy stream - 34
My days, my weeks, my months - 70
My God, my life, my love, - 62
My God was with me all the night - 36
My heavenly home is bright and fair 19
My soul be on thy guard; - 71
My soul come meditate the day - 41

N.

Nearer my God to thee, - 90
Not all the blood of beasts - 65
Now one day's journey less divides - 10
Now pilgrims let us go in peace, - 53
Now shall our hearts with pleasure - 15

O.

O bless the Lord, my soul! - 61
O for a closer walk with God - 26
O for a heart to love my God - 23
O for an overcoming faith - 57
O for a thousand tongues to sing - 22
O happy saints that dwell in light - 16
O land of rest for thee I sigh - 43
O Lord to us assembled here - 25
O that the Lord would guide my ways 40
O time! how few thy value weigh! - 10
O when the tear is gushing - 88
O when shall I see Jesus - 85
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand - 43
On Zion's gracious summit stood - 14
On the mountains top appearing - 83
Once more before we part - - 62
Once more my soul the rising day - 35
Once more we come before our God - 22
Our days, alas our mortal days, - 25
Our Father which art in heaven - 59
Our God, our help in ages past - 31
Our heavenly Father calls - 61

P.

Peace on earth the angels sang - 97
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair - 35

S.

Saviour of men we bless thy name - 7
Silently the shades of evening - 81
Simply trusting ev'ry day - 98
Sister thou wast mild and lovely - 82
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear - 11
Sweet is the work my God, my King 9

T.

Take up thy cross the Saviour said - 6
The Christian army stands arrayed - 100
The church of God believes it right - 14
The day is past and gone - 62
The law by Moses came, - 65
The Lord my Shepherd feeds me - 48
The Lord into his garden comes - 68
The souls that would to Jesus press - 32
The star of hope has risen - 105
The worth of truth no tongue can tell 20
Thee we adore, eternal name - 33
There is a fountain filled with blood - 45
There is a land of pure delight - 54
There is a name I love to hear - 31
They that wait upon the Lord - 75
This God is the God we adore - 94
Thus far the Lord hath led me on - 6
Thou art the way, to to thee alone - 53
Thou art gone to the grave - 87
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine - 84
Thy presence, gracious God afford - 5
To-day God bids the faithful rest - 41
To the children of God - 95
To the flowing stream of Jordan - 83
To us a child of hope is born - 39
'Tis by the faith of joys to come - 20
Try us O God, and search the ground 26

W

We bring no glittering treasures - - 48
Weep for the lost - - - - - - - 30
We shall greet them at home - - - 104
We speak of the realms of the blest- 89
We've no abiding city here- - - - 8
What is this music? - - - - - - 3
What shall I render to my God? - - 23
When all thy mercies, O my God - 26
When I can read my title clear - - 50
When Jesus Christ was here below - 17
When shall we meet again - - - 91
When waves of trouble round me swell 58
Why do ye mourn departing friends - 24
Why should our tears in sorrow flow 41
With tearful eyes I look around - - 8

Y.

Ye dying sons of men, - - - - 74
Ye humble sinners in whose breast - 42
Ye humble souls, approach your God 55
Ye mourning saints whose streaming 24

Z.

Zion stands with hills surrounded - - 79

INDEX to Tunes.

Addie - - - - 64
Anvern - - - - 16
Antioch - - - - 38
Ariel - - - - - 70
Arlington - - - - 26
Ashwell - - - - 8
Atwater - . . 42
Autumn - - - - 93
Azmon - - - - 35

Balerma - - - - 21
Baron - - - - 66
Barstow - - - - 14
Beautiful Zion - - - - 103
Be not Afraid - - - 58
Bertha - - - - 56
Bethany - - - - 90
Bible School Echoes - - - 3

Captive - - - - 52
Chesterfield - - - 23
Children of God - - - 95
China - - - - - 24
Come Home - - - 100
Coronation - - - - 47

Eden's Shore - - - 104
Edgeworth - - - - 36
Evan - - - - 28

Fair Haven - - - - 46
Faith - - - - 20

Greenfields - - - - 92
Greenville - - - - 102

Happy Zion - - - - 79
Hebron - - - - 6
Huger - - - - - 89
Humility - - - - 73
Hunter - - - - 94

Immanuel's Land - - - 80
Iowa - - - - - 86

Judson - - - - 17

Kennett- - - - - 78
Kingwood - - - - 68

Laban - - - - - 71
Lament - - - - 49
Land of Rest - - 43
Leander - - - - 44

Lenox - - - - 74
Loving Kindness - - - 18

Mear - - - - 32
Migdol - - - - - 15

My Heavenly Home . - 19
Mt. Vernon - - - - 82

Naomi - - - - 29
North Branch - - - 63
Northfield - - - 22

Old Hundred - - - - 7
Olney - - - - 84
Ortna - - - - 30
Over There - - - 101

Pilgrim - - - - 82
Pisgah - - - - 37
Portugal - - - - 5
Redemption - - - 25
Redeemer - - - - 81
Repentance - - - 40
Ripley - - - - 76
Rockingham - - - 11

Salvation - - - - 79
Scotland - - - 87
Selena - - - - 13
Siloam - - . . 34
Song of Peace - - . 97
St. Martins - . . 31
Swell the Battle Cry . , 106

Tampico - - - . 33
Tender Care - . . 67
Tenderness - - . . 61
Temperance Light - . 107
The Angel's Call - . . 88
The Beacon Light - . . 77
The Lord's Prayer - . . 59
The Pilgrim's Song - . . 69
They are Watching - . . 96
Thy will be Done - . . 94
Trusting Jesus - . . 98

Unity - - . . 91

Varina - - . . 54

Walker - - . . 60
Warwick - - - - 53
Wells - - - - - 9
Welton - - - - 4
We'll Stand the Storm - - - 50
Whitmore Lake - - - 57
Windham - - - - 10

Yarmouth - - - - 85

Zane - - - - 72
Zerah - - - - 39
Zion - - - - 83
Zuar - - - - 62

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